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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 241
ONE-SIDED NEUTRALITY 243
A LONDON DIARY 244
THIS ENGLAND 246
OVERCROWDING 246
NON-INTERVENTION AND FOREIGN ENLISTMENT . 247
IN SEARCH OF ALCOHOL. By Y. Y. 248
VAMPIRES. By E. C. Boulenger 249
CORRESPONDENCE 250
From Monica Whately; Lord Listowel; Lascelles Abercrombie and others; A Socialist; M. B. Shapiro; Lord Ponsonby; Max Plowman; H. G. Wood; C. F. Wolley Dod; Philip Gee; John Brophy; Leonard Woolf; F. Bower Alcock.
DANCE MUSIC UNTIL MIDNIGHT 254
GREATLY TO FIND QUARREL IN A STRAW? By Desmond MacCarthy 255
THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL. By W. J. Turner . Page 256
PLAYS AND PICTURES 257
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 258
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 259
A Prelude to Franco. By V. S. Pritchett . . 260
Population Problems. By Arthur L. Bowley . 261
Attic Forms. By Stanley Casson 262
The Man of Feeling. By G. W. Stonier . . 262
The Profits of Empire. By Michael Foot . . 264
Light on Sibelius. By Edward Sackville West . 266
SHORTER NOTICES 266
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 268
CROSSWORD 269
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 270

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE complacency of Sir Samuel Hoare's remarks on the international crisis is really terrifying. Anyone would imagine from his speech that it was a distant skirmish between rival "factions"—Sir Samuel's word for the Liberal Government of Spain—in which outside Powers had no concern. (What, incidentally, would Sir Samuel say if Great Britain were menaced by a rebellion supported by outside States and a leading statesman of a friendly Power referred to our Government, desperately fighting for its existence, as a British "faction"?) Actually it is becoming increasingly likely that a general war will develop out of this attack on Spain. For if "non-intervention" remains entirely one-sided, M. Blum's most strenuous efforts will not be able to prevent the French people from helping their Spanish friends in a conflict which is theirs almost as much as Spain's. If war does come, the responsibility will be primarily that of the Fascist countries which have fomented this rebellion, but it will also rest heavily on British shoulders. For Germany will not at present quarrel with England, and withdrew her threat to bombard Barcelona at a hint that this country would regard this as a menace to British interests. To-day the obvious sympathy of the British Government with the Fascist Powers encourages Mussolini and Hitler to prevaricate while their planes carry Moors to battle. A further example of the attitude of the British Government is provided by the embargo on the export of civil planes to Spain.

The Aeroplane Embargo

It is essential to be clear about this embargo. Challenged about the export of aeroplanes to aid the Spanish rebellion, the Air Ministry at first denied the existence of legal power to prevent the export of civil planes. This plea was exposed in this and other journals as simply untrue, and the Government has now admitted the falsehood by doing what it said it had not the power to do. Unfortunately, it has revoked the general open licence for the export of civil planes in such a way as to allow them still to be sent indirectly to the Spanish rebels while making it practically impossible for them to reach the Spanish Government. If it had revoked the licence for *all* countries no civil plane would have been able to leave this country without a licence given after the production of proof about its destination. In that way export to both sides in Spain could have been stopped. But under the present arrangement, which prohibits only direct export to Spain, civil aeroplanes can be bought in Portugal or Poland (an indirect route already used) for the use of the rebels with no questions asked about destination. Meanwhile, if the French carry out the non-intervention agreement, there is no friendly territory through which

the Madrid Government can buy civil planes. The reaction of France to this one-sided and premature British embargo has been immediate. M. Blum is still attempting to procure a genuine all-round non-intervention agreement. Mussolini shows no signs of agreeing to it, and Portugal has not adhered to it. By taking unilateral action while the negotiations are still in progress, the British have isolated France and made it unnecessary for Italy to take any notice of French overtures. No worse blow could have been struck at non-intervention.

The Course of the Struggle

There is no change in the general aspect of the Spanish Civil War, but three events stand out. Badajoz, after a most gallant defence by its untrained republican militia has capitulated to the Foreign Legion and the Moors after the desertion of the Guardia Civil. A ruthless massacre of prisoners followed: estimates of the number executed range from 1,200 to 2,000. On the Biscayan Coast determined attacks on San Sebastian and Irun by rebels backed by a cruiser have so far been beaten off, but these towns, lacking water and short of food, are in sore straits. Militia from Barcelona has landed, under cover of the loyal fleet in Majorca, but has not yet won much ground. But these are not the decisive fronts. North of Madrid the Government's troops are advancing very slowly beyond the passes. Secondly, there are successes to report on both of the extreme wings in the attempt to encircle rebel Saragossa. Finally, though the rebel Generals Franco and Mola have now met, they are not yet effectively supporting each other. Franco's northward march may still await further reinforcement from Morocco, but he may try to take Malaga before he advances on Madrid. The republicans are still pressing the sieges of Toledo and Granada. Hitler may decide on angry and even violent action to protest against the stoppage and search of the liner "Kamerun," which on the way from West Africa to Genoa tried to call at Cadiz to embark refugees. She was probably innocent and suffered no damage, but even in the absence of any declaration of a blockade, the loyal cruiser probably had the legal right to stop her outside territorial waters or within them.

A Free Egypt

The emotional farewell that the people of Alexandria gave on Tuesday to the Egyptian Delegation as it sailed for London to sign the new treaty of alliance suggests that this nation is at last content. After half-a-century's delay the innumerable British promises to end the occupation are at last on the eve of fulfilment. Egyptians have accepted in the most reasonable way the rather elaborate transitional arrangements, destined to endure for many years, by which British infantry will be installed in the Canal zone and a British air force round Alexandria, which also becomes a naval base. All this is tolerated for two reasons: Cairo will at last be freed from its foreign garrison, and with its departure Egyptian sovereignty becomes more than a polite fiction. But nothing less than the threat of an invasion from Italian Libya would have reconciled Egyptians to this use of Alexandria. These precautions should end, however, when an adequate Egyptian army exists. The clauses conceding Egyptian rights in the Sudan are very much more generous than anything which that stiff Imperialist Mr. MacDonald was willing to concede in 1930. Finally, there is a good prospect that by the method of conference the crippling inequalities of the Capitulations will be ended before the year is out—though Italy threatens a claim for compensation. Mr. Eden has built well on Mr. Henderson's foundations.

The Moscow Trial

The confessions of Zinoviev and Kamenev are too abject and two well staged to be convincing. Trotsky, in exile an increasingly bitter enemy of the Stalin regime, denounces the whole trial as a fraud and denies having engaged in any kind of political activity in Russia. On the face of it the story of the plot to assassinate Stalin and instal Trotsky in his place seems, for many reasons, unlikely. Such a plot could have had little chance of success; the G.P.U. is extremely efficient as well as ruthless, and Stalin would seem to be more firmly than ever established in the saddle. His policy of "Socialism in one country" as opposed to Trotsky's policy of stirring up revolution in outside States would seem, at least from the Russian point of view, to have been fully justified and is certainly accepted as a success by the mass of Russian citizens. But there is, of course, another side. In any dictatorship there are intrigues, and the murder of Kiroff was a reminder that Stalin is not immune from the ordinary risks of dictatorship. Since that murder every element of discontent in Russia has been described as Trotskyism and connected in the minds of the rulers of Russia with the foreign Trotskyist movement which reached considerable proportions in pre-Hitler Germany, is active now in France and the United States, and had a small following—and only a small following—in Spain. But we doubt whether Zinoviev and Kamenev could possibly have been conspiring with those revolutionaries abroad who accept the theories put forward in articles by Trotsky. The real puzzle is why the G.P.U., which has long been preparing this trial, should have been permitted to hold it at the present juncture. A commonly advanced and not impossible reason is that they wished to show their importance and activity before the introduction of the new constitution which may curb their power.

Black Man's Burden

Last year the Governor of Nyassaland appointed a Commission to inquire into the exodus of natives from the Protectrate to seek work outside. It was a small but strong body, presided over by Mr. Travers Lacey, Director of Education, and containing several experienced representatives of local interests. There were no native members. This Commission's report has caused surprise and dismay even in circles familiar with African problems. The Commissioners have themselves clearly been appalled by what they have discovered. They speak of an uncontrolled and growing emigration bringing "misery and poverty to hundreds and thousands of families." They predict that if this process continues unchecked any attempt "to maintain, let alone improve upon, the present low standard of health and happiness will be abortive . . ." and that "resident chiefly in other lands, the Nyassaland-born natives will have acquired a complete mistrust in, and loathing for, administration by the white people." The basic fact is that 50 per cent. of the able-bodied young men are continuously out of the

country. This figure gains immeasurably in significance when we find that the Committee appointed by the Belgian Government to inquire into labour conditions in the Congo, the most authoritative inquiry of the kind yet undertaken, reported that removal of able-bodied young men from African villages in excess of 5 per cent. upset the whole economic, political and social balance of the community. In Nyassaland the root cause of the evil is a burden of taxation which it is impossible for the native to bear, taxation which has no regard to the taxpayer's income, taxation without representation. Every male has to pay 6*s*. a year in cash, when the average annual income is only 26*s*.; the wife must pay in the husband's absence. Sir Alan Pim's reports show that the same evils exist in Swaziland, Bechuanaland, and Basutoland.

Public Works

Critics of the National Government's attitude towards public works may find good justification for their strictures in a new report just published by the League of Nations. A questionnaire was issued to various Government departments asking them to report on the efficacy of public work schemes in restarting economic recovery. Replies were received from thirty-eight States, and almost all of them agreed that the execution of public works had exerted a favourable influence on industrial activity. The Governments of South Africa, Belgium, Austria, Canada, Denmark, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden and various other States all testified emphatically that such schemes as land settlement, irrigation, road-building and the improvement of inland waterways had had the most beneficial results in relieving unemployment and adding to the national wealth. Only the British Government remains firmly convinced that no departure from the narrow path of orthodox finance should be tolerated. The heavy expenditure involved, it is argued, can only impede the recovery of normal activity. This reply comes somewhat strangely from a Government which spends millions for rearmament and which prides itself at election times on the effect which such measures will have in assisting the most hardly-hit areas.

The Brussels Congress

The seriousness of the Spanish situation will add a special interest to the World Peace Congress to be held in Brussels during the first week in September. The Conference has been organised by Lord Cecil and M. Pierre Cot, the Joint Presidents of the International Peace Campaign. Among the other distinguished persons who will be there are M. Edouard Herriot; M. Emil Vandervelde, Vice-President of the Belgian Council of Ministers; M. Leon Serrarens, International Secretary of the Christian Trade Unions; Colonel Lindbergh; Mr. Branting of the Swedish Senate; and Mme. Nansen. M. Leon Jouhaux, General Secretary of the C.G.T., who a few days ago made the now famous protest against the French non-intervention policy in Spain, will also be present, so that it is more than likely that this all-important subject will provide a main topic of discussion. The Peace Pledge Union will be represented at the Conference by Dick Sheppard and Aldous Huxley.

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There are welcome signs this week that the consequences of a neutrality so grossly one-sided have been grasped by public opinion in our own country and in France, and by the French Government also. In these conditions it amounted to a proposal to blockade democratic Spain,

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while the Fascist Powers armed its enemies. The news of the arrival in Barcelona of eighteen French planes of some military value suggests that the delays of Rome are breaking down the patience of Paris. Moral neutrality is impossible, and would be treason to democracy if it were possible: an agreement to withhold military supplies from both sides, if it were scrupulously observed by every Power, might set a most dangerous precedent, justified, at best, on grounds of caution. But only on one condition would democratic governments that possessed a sense for realities consent to this arrangement. They would insist that the non-intervention should be genuine and not one-sided. Until this was achieved Paris and London would send to the Spanish Government as many planes as Rome and Berlin Powers provided for the rebels.

The instinct of solidarity among the workers has meanwhile asserted itself. The shop-stewards of the De Havilland works have taken a bold and proper action in warning the firm that they will not allow their skill to be misused to supply the enemies of their class with arms. But the Government has not yet learned from experience how to deal with Dictators. By declaring an absolute embargo against both sides, while Italy, Germany and Portugal prevaricate, it has thrown away a bargaining counter. Evasion, moreover, is easy. The moral is that this anarchy of commercial militarism in the air calls more loudly than ever for the internationalisation of civilian aviation. It is intolerable that Paris and London should wait longer on the deliberately tardy reply of Rome. An announcement that they would help the Spanish Republic until the Fascist Powers recalled their planes and pilots from Morocco and Seville would have led to a prompter agreement. The tactics that Paris had followed up to this week, conforming itself no doubt to the even colder reserve of London, have repeated the excessive caution that brought disaster on the cause of civilisation in the Manchurian and Abyssinian affairs.

There remains one way of displaying our "moral solidarity" with the workers and peasants of Spain that is above controversy. One English ambulance has been equipped for service at the front, but in this savage war in a poor country there is room for an indefinite amount of help of this kind. In the disorganisation of a civil war, not only field ambulances but medical supplies and even food are short of the appalling need, and can come only from abroad. Help of this kind may save life and mitigate suffering, but it is also an encouragement to a cause that we feel to be our own. The presence, moreover, of foreign observers at the front should act as a check on the ruthlessness of this struggle. A measure of scepticism is proper in reading these accounts of barbarities. No first-hand neutral evidence as yet compels us to believe that exactly 1,500 or 2,000 Republican prisoners were massacred by the militarists at the fall of Badajoz, though wholesale slaughter of defenceless men certainly took place, there and elsewhere. The more lurid tales of "Red" atrocities rest on no first-hand evidence whatever: they follow patterns that the sadistic imagination has invariably repeated in times of excitement from the early centuries of the Christian era down to the Russian revolution. Some of them—the crucifixion and boiling-in-oil stories—come direct from ancient stories of the Christian martyrs. They were revived as propaganda against the Germans during the war and have since been used against Russians, and are now recast for service against the Spanish people. If, as is probable, Franco's Moors and mercenaries are indulging, as M. Thiers' troops did in Paris in 1871, in the wholesale slaughter of disarmed class-enemies, they commit a stupidity as gross as their crime. For men who face death in any event will fight to the end rather than surrender. If friends can exert any influence on the defenders of the Republic, it will be used to discourage all reprisals. Cruelty leaves an indelible stain on a struggle for a humaner social order. It also saps discipline, renders the enemy stubborn in the field, and blasts the hope of future conciliation. Happily, in spite of some recent reports to the contrary, there is much evidence to suggest that the Republican forces are struggling, in many centres with success, to maintain order and check any outbreak of passion.

It is evident that this will be a long struggle. Spain has an ancient tradition of local and regional patriotism. Catalonia will defend its own autonomy first of all, and the Spanish Republic only when that is secure. Every town and village throughout the Peninsula acts on the same principle. It is not merely the lack of officers (of whom some 80 per cent. rebelled) and of trained troops that impedes the defence, but even more this obstinate tendency to think locally. This manifestly obstructs the Government's strategy. The Catalan militia will rush off to recover Majorca; the miners of Asturias will besiege Oviedo, and the workers of Madrid will advance upon the mountains that command the capital. But, as yet, it is not possible for the Government to get together a mobile force capable of any extended offensive. There the insurgent militarists, with their trained conscripts and their preponderance in artillery, have the advantage. They control, moreover, notably in Saragossa, some of the few arsenals equipped for the manufacture of munitions. It is these initial advantages, coupled with Italian and German help, that render the proposal of a "neutral" ring doubly inequitable. The more we see of this one-sided neutrality, conceived in fear, the more ardently do we desire the formation in our own country of a People's Front that will act in conjunction with the masses in France and the Soviet Union. Such combinations of hitherto competing parties are best formed when the immediate necessity of joint defence demands them. The way to forge the unity we desire is not at this stage to argue over long-distance programmes. The first step is to achieve a common front for the defence of democracy in this crucial test of the Spanish struggle.

A LONDON DIARY

I WOKE up and looked out into the cottage garden. Garden is scarcely the right word, for it implies a cultivated place. This is rather an orchard, a strip of meadowland, the apple trees weighed down with fruit, red plums gleaming like jewels as the sun breaks through the early morning mist. Not a sound (as the novelists say) except the occasional fall of an apple, reminding one (or not, as the case might be) of Sir Isaac Newton, and all the horrors that his ingenuity has enabled mankind to invent. The place is full of birds; yesterday we saw a goldfinch, a fly-catcher, a family of cole tits, a tree creeper, and that uncommon bird, the common bunting. A butcher bird passed by the day before to recall to the sentimentalist that it is only to men that wild nature is peaceful.

To remind me what man himself is like came the morning papers. In a minute I was back in an old Spanish town, remembering a walk through a grave and lovely countryside. This morning Badajoz has been taken and many hundreds of its defenders shot in cold blood. The town has been "sacked"—a word out of use since the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To call General Franco's warfare savage is to misuse words, for savages seldom behave like this, having their own rules of war, and strictly observed conventions. Every trace of humanity has been banished in this war. General Franco threatens to rebuild the churches of Spain with the powdered bones of his prisoners. To complete the seventeenth-century analogy, he calls in mercenary troops to wipe out his countrymen. The Rothermere press likes this kind of warfare and is uniting with the Catholic newspapers to call it a war for Christianity. Even the *Times* correspondent with the rebel army who obviously wishes for a Fascist victory admits that some Red executions are a natural reaction for the massacre at Badajoz and the use of black troops in Spain.

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In the public house in the village, no one talks much about the Spanish war. It still seems a long way off. But the gardener who is cutting down waist-high nettles with a scythe says to me: "If there is another war I am not going to be in it, nor is my son." He was shot through the legs and tells me how he was done out of his pension, and how little point he can see in having fought against the Germans who were then supposed to be committing all the atrocities that Lord Rothermere now attributes to the Spanish population. And then he goes on to a quite simple but accurate picture of events. "As far as I can make of it," he says, "these Fascists have made war, and started a revolution in Spain, and English aeroplane pilots are being allowed to go over and help them. It ought to be stopped. And we ought not to allow any Fascists in this country either."

* * *

How lucky for the Spanish rebels to have hit upon August for their attack! The Englishman on holiday does not want to be bothered with foreign wars. August is supposed to be the newspaper's "silly season." But war broke out in August, 1914, and as I cast my mind back over the years since the war, it is surprising how many spectacular events, from Snowden's stand at the Hague to the formation of the National Government in 1931, have occurred in August. "Everyone," as they say, is out of town, just as they were when war broke out twenty-two years ago. Back in London I urgently want to know what steps our Labour leaders are taking. I see that the Communists demonstrated in Trafalgar Square, that Harry Pollitt is appealing to us all in the *Daily Worker* to remember that it is people like us who are being shot in Spain, that George Lansbury has an appeal in the *Times*, and Sir Walter Citrine has postponed his holiday. But what of the official Labour leaders? Attlee is in Russia, Morrison in Geneva, Alexander in California, and I am told, when I ring up, that Dalton is in Lapland. Arthur Greenwood, left in charge, is reported, like Mr. Baldwin, to be in the country. Surely Labour should be demanding the calling of Parliament, and getting Mr. Baldwin to come out with a statement expressing the solidarity of British, French and Spanish democracy? There is something almost fantastic in the quietism of English Labour at such a moment. The parallel with the German Social Democrats just before Hitler is unpleasantly close. Later I hear to my relief that Greenwood and Citrine are seeing Eden.

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I pick up the new Peace Pledge pamphlet, a sequel to Aldous Huxley's *What Are We Going to do About It?* Here is a different reaction to these events, a reminder that in any war ideas and ideals become tenuous, and that to use your enemy's means involves the neglect of your own ends. The pamphlet forces you to remember that any Governmental policy designed to defend democracy and liberty against General Franco and the Fascists means that you on your side are ready also to use poison gas, and to massacre your enemies. Something quite different is wanted, a New Order of pacifists trained and prepared to suffer casualties as an army is trained, but using methods of reason and persuasion, ready to go anywhere and to apply, in as far as they are known, the methods of science and of reason for the settlement of disputes. I am not at all inclined to scoff at such a movement. It may be as influential in and after our religious wars as the Quakers were in the days of earlier persecutions and as they have remained ever since.

* * *

I see no intellectual difficulty in at once working for the victory of the Spanish people and in being glad of the growing pacifist movement in England. A vague pacifism such as Mr. Baldwin's is not, I think, in the long run much good, for if you trust Mr. Baldwin you will find yourself quite soon called upon to fight for your King and Country, when all the things you might have been ready to fight for have been allowed to disappear without a blow being struck for them. But a trained Order of peacemakers may have the effect of keeping alive some ideas of reason and science and sanity in a world rapidly disintegrating into sheer barbarism. The choice is a personal one, a question of what your job is. In the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Montaigne and a few others who preached toleration fulfilled a conspicuous service. But they were only able to have any considerable effect in countries where Protestantism won.

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In a very amusing book, *Nobody Talks Politics*, Geoffrey Gorer describes the shift of undergraduate interest from aesthetics to politics and back again to aesthetics. I asked an Oxford friend about this the other day. Does the catastrophic world situation lead undergraduates to turn their backs on politics and adopt an eat, drink and be merry attitude, or does it, as I have myself thought on recent visits both to Oxford and Cambridge, serve to intensify political activity? He answered: "Both. The menace of war so overshadows the lives of some young men and women that they fall back on having a good time while they may, with a perceptible effect on their morals. The more intelligent tend to cultivate a sophisticated hedonism. On the other hand, the number who are excited about politics is greater than ever before and, most interesting, Socialist, especially Marxist, ideas have permeated the minds even of anti-Socialists. There is a striking cleavage here between the generations. Before 1929 progressive undergraduates went on looking forward to a Labour Government. The present generation, which have all come up since the formation of the National Government, is sceptical of any steady development on constitutional lines. The old arguments simply pass them by. The assertion, for instance, that Socialism means a loss of liberty, fails to convince even the Conservatives. Recently Harry Pollitt won an easy victory at the Oxford Union, not because his audience was Communist, but because his Conservative opponent had no arguments which sounded sense. Sir John Simon, on the other hand, was a complete flop on a straight anti-Socialist motion. Though he was supported by a young Conservative M.P. and an ex-President, he was rebuffed by a couple of undergraduate speakers. He convinced no one—not even Conservatives. He went on a rest cure immediately afterwards. If he wants to influence the young he should read Strachey, Brailsford or one of the other writers who talk in language they understand."

* * *

Unconsciously, the snobs are often far funnier than ever they could be by intent. A correspondent who is spending his holidays in the South of France tells me that at the exclusive "Palm Beach" bathing pool near Cannes, built up rather superfluously on the beach to ensure that no one can defile these particular gallons of seawater without payment of a high entrance fee, a good deal of the available space is now marked off as "Reserved for the Sun and Sea Club." A notice in

English explains that, "realising that foreign visitors to Cannes of various nationalities will wish to associate with others of the same social standing," a number of prominent residents have formed the Sun and Sea Club. Its committee consists of:

"S.A.R. L'Infante Marie Christine d'Espagne.
S.A. Princesse Gennaro de Bourbon Deux Siciles.
S.A. Prince Gennaro de Bourbon Deux Siciles.
Mlle. Mistinguett.
Mlle. Gaby Morlay."

Between the august royal unemployed, the famous revue artist and the brilliant actress there should be room for members of quite a number of "social classes"—with the necessary funds—to be admitted to membership. From a humane standpoint, this seems just as well, for the lifebelt hanging above the entrance to the Sun and Sea Club's exclusive enclosure bears the legend: "Réservé pour les membres du Sun and Sea Club." This seems quite as it should be in these days: either you have the right "social standing" and belong to the exclusive class or—you sink.

* * *

The late Mr. Arthur Anthony Baumann (A.A.B.) was a diehard publicist who regarded himself as an authority on public finance. For the last quarter of a century he fulminated against developments in that sphere which, he was never tired of asserting, were bleeding the possessing classes white, stripping them to the bone and grinding them to penury. His remedy for the situation lay in the simple declaration that if he were Chancellor he would halve the Budget overnight. He believed it to be a sacred law of public finance handed down from Sinai that direct and indirect taxation should form equal halves of the fiscal burden. He lived through the Great War in which a million of his countrymen lost their lives and the great depression in which several millions lost their livelihoods. His will was published last week. His estate cut up for £86,000. Nothing was left to charity. He had been bled white.

* * *

A correspondent calls my attention to the following "magnificent specimen of Blimpitis" from the correspondence columns of the *Times*:

> I have just returned from a "holiday" in Las Palmas and can endorse the opinion of your correspondent at Teneriffe that the Canary Islands are thirsting for peace and justice. One incident may be of interest. A road was being made outside our hotel. For weeks the work was held up by strikes. On the fourth day of the revolution the workmen were brought under armed police guard and cheerfully set to work.
>
> CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. L. Elmhirst.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> (4) Subsections (2) and (3) of section twenty of the Finance Act, 1922, shall have effect as if references to paragraph (*c*) of subsection (1) of that section included references to the foregoing provisions of this section, as if references to a disposition included references to a settlement, and as if the reference to the making of a disposition included a reference to the making of or entering into a settlement, and subsection (4) of that section shall have effect as if the reference to that section included a reference to the said provisions of this section.—Part II, Section 19, paragraph 4, of Finance Bill.

Use this magical powder and win your man to-night or your money will be refunded. Only 6*d.* and 1*s.* everywhere.—Advt. in *Bristol Evening World.*

> The screen, already a greater art form than the stage, will never reach a peak until it makes big writers. There must be film Lonsdales, Maughams, Edgar Wallaces.—Mr. Charles Laughton reported in *Daily Express.*

> I should be grateful if some of your readers who are motorists would explain the phenomenon of the so-called "Electric Brae," which lies on the coastal road from Maybole to Ayr. A car with its gears disengaged, stopped halfway down the hill, will of its own accord slowly move backwards uphill. A little stream of water along the roadside is also apparently flowing uphill. What is the explanation?—Letter in *Times.*

> From Our Special Correspondent on the Spanish Frontier.—The anti-Fascist revolution in Barcelona and Catalonia has become a reign of terror.—*Times.*

> Mrs. Ada Fortescue, aged 50, of Roseford Gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W., was found dead late last night, bound and gagged and with head injuries, at her home. Circumstances point to foul play.—*Daily Herald.*

OVERCROWDING

THERE is a reassuring sound about the official announcement that, out of nearly nine million dwellings inspected in the course of the recent survey under last year's Housing Act, less than 4 per cent. were found to be "overcrowded." It is, indeed, estimated that to remove this overcrowding about 200,000 new houses would need to be built in England and Wales, and actually occupied by families now herded together in these overcrowded dwellings. But in view of the rate at which new houses have been run up during the past few years there is nothing at all alarming in the demand for a mere 200,000 more. Have not about a million and a quarter of new houses actually been built in Great Britain since 1931? And is not the building boom still continuing at an almost unabated pace? There is, of course, some offset for houses demolished under slum-clearance schemes, or to make way for buildings of other sorts. But, even so, it need clearly not take us long to make an end of "overcrowding" as it is at present defined—provided only that the families at present living under overcrowded conditions, and not those which are at present "uncrowded" according to the official terminology, occupy the additional space.

Nor is the problem at all unmanageable, in a purely quantitative sense, even if we proceed to amend our definition of "overcrowding," so as to include under it all cases in which living rooms have to be used for sleeping as well. This change of definition, we are told officially, would raise the number of "overcrowded" dwellings from 341,000 to 853,000, or not far short of one house out of every ten. On this showing, not 200,000 but at least half a million additional houses would be needed—again on the assumption that they would all be actually used for relieving the congestion in the overcrowded dwellings. But why should we not build half a million additional houses during the next few years, even over and above those which will be requisite for the replacement of obsolete dwellings or any other purpose incidental to maintaining or improving housing standards generally? The problem, even in this ampler view of the need, looks perfectly soluble, as long as it is regarded in purely quantitative terms.

The trouble, of course, is that it cannot in fact be regarded in this way. We are not proposing to ration out housing accommodation in accordance with the number of persons for whom each household needs to find room—or we should have, on the official standard, no overcrowding to-day. There is more than enough accommodation to go round, if nobody is to have more than the minimum space officially regarded as necessary. But this country is not Russia; and no one is proposing to requisition the larger houses and plant in them the overcrowded families, or even to let out houses built with public money in strict accordance with the numbers of people who are to inhabit them. The remedy for overcrowding has therefore to be sought not merely in building enough houses, and building them in the right places, but also in securing that the families which at present live under overcrowded conditions shall be able to inhabit the extra dwellings.

Doubtless, one way of achieving this would be to prohibit overcrowding as a public nuisance, and simply to evict the

households guilty of this social crime. But everyone knows that in practice the problem cannot be simply handled in that way. One great reason why families live under overcrowded conditions is that they simply cannot afford to live any better, either because they cannot pay higher rents or because they cannot face the additional costs of living farther from their work, or from the places where work has to be sought. It has been demonstrated already—in Stockton, for example—that the effect of moving low-paid working-class households into better dwellings may be to reduce their food budgets well below what is indispensable for healthy living—so that they will drift back into crowded slums if they get half a chance. If we are to remedy overcrowding we must raise the incomes of the overcrowded so that they can afford the better accommodation and all that it involves.

According to the new return, the most overcrowded areas in England and Wales are the County of London—despite its falling total population—and the North-East Coast. These two areas together contain about 16 per cent. of the population, and about 40 per cent. of the overcrowded families in England and Wales as a whole. The percentage overcrowded in London is 7, as against 4 for the county boroughs, 3 for other towns, and under 3 for the rural areas. In Sunderland, the worst of the large towns, the percentage overcrowded is actually over 20. Clearly, in both these cases, poverty furnishes the main explanation, though in Northumberland and Durham the poverty is collective as well as individual, and has resulted in a far slower rate of new building in recent years than has existed in and around London. Greater London, taken as a whole, has probably plenty of accommodation to house all its people at a level well above the official standard; but that is no help to the dwellers in the densely overcrowded areas, such as Stepney and Shoreditch.

One interesting fact which the new survey reveals is that overcrowding is worse in municipally owned houses than in dwellings privately owned. This is due partly to the fact that privately owned houses have been built largely of late for tenants with a fairly high level of incomes; but it is also partly accounted for by the deliberate policy of public authorities in giving preference in their houses to large families needing accommodation. Moreover, the municipalities have actually built their houses largely with families of "standard size" in their minds; and when large families move into these dwellings overcrowding necessarily ensues. Nor would it have been prevented even if local authorities had built a bigger proportion of larger houses and charged for them according to their size; in that case the overcrowded families could not have afforded to live in them.

The new survey seems, then, strongly to reinforce the case for a system of differential rents, such as Leeds instituted some years ago under its Labour Borough Council. It is true that in the case of households in receipt of Unemployment Assistance, or of course, Public Assistance, allowances can be made to vary with rents paid. But this does not help the low-paid wage-earners who are in work, or make it possible for families to incur higher rents while they are in work in the hope of drawing larger allowances when they are unemployed. Nor is there normally any rent allowance for the unemployed worker until he has exhausted his claims under the Unemployment Insurance scheme.

The alternative to rent rebates is to raise the incomes of the overcrowded families so that they can afford satisfactory accommodation. It need not be denied that there are households at present overcrowded in which the family income is large enough to afford better houses. But the figures of overcrowding in the different areas bring out the close connection that exists—except in the relatively unpopulous rural areas—between overcrowding and poverty. The survey therefore reinforces the conclusion that the crux of the problem is not so much the building of the additional houses as the provision of such incomes as will enable the overcrowded families to live in them without sacrificing other expenditures which are no less necessary for social well-being.

One aspect of this matter which deserves more consideration than it has received in recent years is the wage-level among the worse-paid sections of the working class. Even in the trades regulated by Trade Boards, most of the rates of wages for a full week's work are not much above 50*s.* a week for adult men; and in at any rate one instance they are as low as 37*s.* 6*d.* Similar rates for women are usually round about 25*s.* Clearly wages at these levels are liable to mean very serious privation wherever there are a number of children to be supported. But outside the range of the Trade Boards there exists a host of miscellaneous occupations in which wages are not protected at all; and it is fairly safe to conjecture that a large amount of overcrowding exists among families whose breadwinners follow these unclassified and unprotected occupations, as well as among those in which work is highly intermittent and among mere "casuals" who flit from one job to another as their luck serves.

Since the burst of energy immediately after the war, when the Trade Board system was extended to a large number of new trades, nothing at all has been done to extend the protection against sheer exploitation afforded to the "bottom dog." Yet, if we really mean to remedy overcrowding, a rise in the lowest wage-rates, both through the existing Trade Boards and by means of an extension of the legal minimum to groups at present unprotected, would be one of the surest ways of dealing with the problem. It would not, of course, solve it; for the lack of correspondence between wage-rates and actual earnings would remain in the case of the intermittently employed. But it would help a great deal, and help in the most satisfactory way, by raising the incomes of those who need the money most. Moreover, it is admittedly easier to enforce an increase in the lowest wages now than it was while Free Trade was in being, and every move towards improvement could be met by the cry of "foreign dumping." It is high time for social reformers to take up again the whole question of the legal minimum wage, with a view to establishing machinery which will prevent anyone at all from being employed at an intolerably low rate of wages.

Meanwhile, houses are being built; and in the eyes of a great many people that is enough to dispose of the housing problem. That it is not enough the new survey amply shows. If we build another million houses in the next few years, that will not prevent overcrowding unless we enable the overcrowded families to support a higher standard of life. And, even if the poor were forcibly prevented from huddling too closely together, without their incomes being raised, the effect would be mainly to aggravate the evils of malnutrition—to shift the incidence of poverty from housing to the food budget, and therewith probably to make matters even worse.

NON-INTERVENTION AND FOREIGN ENLISTMENT

LAST Saturday the Foreign Office issued a "warning to the public" calling upon British citizens to refrain from assisting the Spanish Government or the rebels. It is not very clear to whom this warning is directed, but if the term "British citizen" which is used is intended to cover British residents in Spain it constitutes a most unusual attack upon the rights of the Spanish Government.

Aliens residing in the territory of a friendly Power owe a temporary allegiance to the country in which they are living. A State which has sheltered a foreigner has a right to ask for his assistance at a time of crisis, and it is most improper that that foreigner's own Government should attempt to prevent him giving the help for which he was asked. It is even doubtful if the British Government would be legally entitled to protest if the Spanish Government were to compel British subjects against their will to serve with the Spanish forces.

During the American Civil War a number of British subjects resident in the United States were conscripted by the Federal Government. The British Government examined carefully

the legal position, and the British Ambassador was instructed "that there was no rule or principle of international law which prohibits the Government of any country from requiring aliens resident within its territories to serve in the militia or the police of the country . . ."

"British subjects," says the Foreign Office, "who assist either side . . . are running grave risks for themselves." It is unfortunate that this statement is not a little more explicit. What are these grave risks? Are they merely the dangers of the field or is the British Government hinting at prosecutions under the Foreign Enlistments Act, 1876?

For a British subject to join the rebels is clearly an offence, since, in the first place, the Act prohibits the taking up of arms against a friendly State. However, as the rebels are not a "friendly State" within the meaning of the Act, British subjects are perfectly entitled, and indeed if residents may be legally bound, to serve with the Government forces. It is unfortunate that the Foreign Office have not seen fit to make clear this distinction.

But the Foreign Enlistment Act goes farther than merely to prohibit the aiding of the rebels in the field. It is an offence for an Englishman or a foreigner to prepare or fit out in any part of the British dominions a military expedition against a friendly Power. Anyone "employed in any capacity" in such a expedition may be sentenced to a maximum of two years' imprisonment.

A leading case shows how widely this section of the Act has been interpreted. It is not necessary that the expedition should be completely fitted out in British territory. It is sufficient if some act is done which, though possibly lawful in itself, is in fact an integral part, to the knowledge of the person doing it, of an organised attack on a friendly Power.

A Colonel Sandoval, a foreigner, bought two second-hand cannon in Birmingham and exported them to Antwerp, an action in itself perfectly legal. These cannon were in Antwerp mounted on a vessel, as the Colonel afterwards explained, "for their moral effect." The ship, owned nominally by the valet of an English peer, set sail for Trinidad with papers perfectly in order. At Trinidad the Colonel disembarked and the valet transferred the ship to a Venezuelan General, one of the passengers. Then, sailing under the Venezuelan flag, the vessel set off to join a revolt in that country, but a misfortune with one of the Colonel's cannon cut short its operations. Though Colonel Sandoval had taken no part in the attack on Venezuela and had left the ship before it was handed over to the rebel general, he was held to have been a party to the conspiracy and was sentenced in England to a term of imprisonment.

In view of the form of assistance given to the rebels by English airmen, this decision is of considerable interest.

BARRISTER

IN SEARCH OF ALCOHOL

"You can always get it," a Canadian assured me when I questioned him about the licensing laws of his country. "Gallons of it," he added encouragingly. An Englishman had somewhat depressed me by an account of his experiences in Canada, which he described as a semi-dry country with not a single public-house to mitigate its drought from Quebec to Vancouver City. Sympathetic towards the Puritan code though I am, the prospect of compulsory abstinence in a country full of mountains, canyons, prairies, bears, wolves, and lynxes was to me profoundly alarming. "A man like you needs a stimulant," a Harley Street specialist said to me gravely about twenty years ago, and, with his advice ringing in my ears, I felt that a man like me would certainly need a stimulant in order to be able to face either a canyon or a grizzly bear. I am not the adventurous type of mortal to whom danger is a form of cocktail. I like to be liquefied into placidity. "All you have to do is to get a permit," said the Canadian, "and then you can load up with bottles till you're tired." I did not want to be actually tired, but the prospect of a visit to Canada began to look more rosy.

During the voyage out on the *Empress of Britain* we enjoyed the freedom of the seas. Even amid the liberties of the Knickerbocker Bar, however, many an honest English face was clouded owing to the thought that before long we should be setting foot on a strange shore utterly bare of public-houses. When I saw a clouded face, I went up to its possessor and told him about the permit system and loading up with bottles. The effect was usually immediate. The clouds vanished, and the face radiated sunshine. As we moved slowly into dock under the heights of Quebec, the last shadow of apprehension had vanished from the faces of the visitors, and all was delight and excited anticipation.

There was certainly nothing in Quebec to worry the man whose doctor says he needs a stimulant. You are not allowed to drink whisky or brandy with meals in your hotel, but you are allowed to drink beer or wine, and, as I was allowed, I did not have either of them. There is no bar in the hotel, it is true, but there is a "club," of which everyone staying at the hotel automatically becomes a member, and in the club you can get whisky, brandy and other drinks just as in an English public-house. Outside the hotels there are "taverns," where only beer and wine are sold. In spite of the odd regulations, I must confess, the visitor to Quebec has no sense of intolerable restraint—of the cold and clammy hand of Dora. The club system saves the situation, and reflects the greatest credit on the French and English genius for compromise.

The club system apparently extends through the entire province of Quebec, for, on our arrival at Montreal, we were immediately notified by letter that we were members of a club on the ground floor of the hotel and entitled to enjoy its amenities. So lightly did the licensing laws weigh upon us in this noble province that scarcely any of us even thought of buying a liquor permit. It was only when one was on the train for the four nights' journey from Montreal to Vancouver City that one began to realise into what perils an innocent man might be precipitated by the Canadian licensing laws. On all this long journey it is impossible to obtain so much as a glass of light beer even with your meals. The C.P.R. train is the most comfortable on which I have ever travelled, and I enjoyed every moment of the journey, except when a dust-storm in the prairie swirled round the back of the observation car and choked me and filled my hair with grime; but I doubt whether I should have been entranced by the unforeseeable beauty of the Rocky Mountains if a member of our party had not taken precautions to stack his sleeping cabin with bottles. Epictetus maintains that the wise man accepts with equanimity everything that happens to him; but I am not wise enough yet to face with equanimity the prospect of being unable to obtain for the better part of a week something that has become second nature to me. Imagine the smoker prohibited from buying tobacco for four days; imagine the tea-drinker unable to buy a cup of tea during a journey across a continent. Why, even the deprival of salt or of mustard for four days would weigh like a burden on anyone except Epictetus. As things turn out, however, nobody in Canada suffers much from the licensing laws. Forewarned is forearmed, and Epictetus's wise man puts a bottle—or two bottles—in his bag. His sleeping cabin becomes a saloon by day, if he wishes, and there is no drop of bitterness in his cup as he gazes at the beautiful and arid crags of the Rocky Mountains.

Even so, after arriving at Vancouver City, strong men shuddered at the thought of what might have happened to them if they had left things to chance on the train. Some of them sent out for bottles from the hotel; others went to a Government liquor store and bought "individual liquor permits." I myself bought for 25 cents a permit, entitling me to buy liquor "for beverage, medicinal or culinary purposes" in British Columbia till the end of the year. A very solemn and un-Bacchanalian place is a Government liquor store. You apply for a permit at one counter; you obtain a permit

at another; you then go to the cashier's box and pay for your bottle; and, after that, you go to another counter and get the bottle. In the province of Alberta—for which I also hold a permit—they make a record on the back of the permit of each bottle you buy. In Ontario a permit for a year costs, I think, five dollars, but you can get for 25 cents a "special single purchase permit" at the foot of which you are warned: "Liquor must not be drunk during carriage. Take purchases unopened direct to your home or room in your hotel. Drinking in motors is strictly prohibited. . . . Drunkenness is a serious offence." Not exactly the thing to bring home to you the fact that, since the marriage at Cana, and indeed before it, drinking has been a fairly natural and innocent recreation.

Still, you get accustomed to it. The mayor of a great city calls on you; you have him up to your bedroom, send for soda water and ginger ale and open the whisky bottle. A journalist calls; you have him up to your room and open a bottle. You meet a charming lady in a hotel; she invites you to her room and opens a bottle. For there is no "club" system in the hotels outside Quebec. There is usually a tavern or beer parlour in the hotel, with an inviting notice saying "Drinks" at the door. But—in the province of Alberta at least—the tavern closes at ten and it does not open at all on Sunday. A sunny terrace with tables and with a fine view of the mountains is outside the door, but you are not permitted to take your glass of beer out on to the terrace. There is also a grim notice warning you that in the tavern itself no food can be served.

I am afraid that on two occasions I unwittingly transgressed against the Canadian licensing laws. One day I drank a glass of beer when in a standing position. That in Canada is an offence. When you drink in a bar, you must sit down. One bar that I visited had a caging of wire along the counter to prevent perpendicular drinking. My other breach of the law was equally innocent. I was taking a two-hundred-mile drive to see an old friend who was ill, and, having obtained a bottle at a liquor store, I offered my companions a drink just before a rather hairpin-bend part of the road among the mountains. We bought some ginger ale and glasses at a village store, and proceeded to fill the glasses with the much-needed stimulant. An old man passed as the glasses were being filled and glared at us. He looked as though he were a spectator of some horrible crime and felt it his duty to inform the police. It was only afterwards that I learned that to be found with an open bottle in a car is a misdemeanour punishable by a heavy fine and, perhaps, imprisonment. Canada is truly a land of hairbreadth escapes. Even Mr. Peter Fleming would admit that here the bright eyes of danger are very bright indeed.

And yet what does it matter? The only real difficulty in which I found myself was when, having bought a bottle on Saturday, I invited some friends to my room and they finished the bottle, leaving me nothing for Sunday when no liquor stores are open. I mentioned this difficulty to a Canadian. He said: "You can always get over that difficulty by buying two bottles." What an ingenious people the Canadians are! And, as a result of having a Bible in every hotel bedroom and a bottle in every other hotel bedroom, they are as sober a nation as the French or the English. You may not like the notion of a bedroom bottle, but in Canada it seems as natural a part of the landscape as the Rocky Mountains. I, for one, have no complaint against Canada. To its lakes, its mountains, its waterfalls, its humming-birds, and its bedroom bottles, I hope some day to return. Y. Y.

VAMPIRES

In olden times a vampire was the name applied to a long-interred corpse which nightly rose from its grave and maintained an unnatural existence by drinking the blood of the living whilst they slept. Whatever the root cause of this belief may be, vampires are still given credence in many countries and are firmly believed in by the natives of those restricted areas inhabited by the remarkable vampire bat. The vampire of fact ranges to-day from Central America to Brazil and is represented by two species of bats. Needless to say these vampires have nothing in common with the Count Dracula—that fearsome creation of Bram Stoker which is likely to typify the human vampire for all time. The Count, it may be remembered, indulged in his unnatural blood lust at night only, descending from the castle window and then ranging the countryside in search of his repellent form of nourishment.

The true facts concerning the vampire bat have come to light only within recent times, most early accounts of the animal being of little less value as contributions to Science than the creation of the late Bram Stoker. The first comparatively accurate account of the animal is that given in Ulloa's *Voyage* published in 1772:

> Bats are very common all over the country, but Cartagena is infested with such multitudes of them that after sunset, when they begin to fly, they may, without any hyperbole, be said to cover the streets like clouds. They are the most dexterous bleeders both of men and cattle; for the inhabitants, being obliged by the excessive heats to leave open the doors and windows where they sleep, the bats can enter and if they happen to find a foot of anyone bare they insinuate their tooth into the flesh. I have been assured by persons of the strictest veracity that such an accident has happened to them and that had they not providentially awakened soon, their sleep would have been their passage into Eternity. The reason why the puncture is not felt is attributed to the gentle and refreshing agitation of the air by the bats' wings throwing the victim into a deeper sleep.

Darwin met the bat some sixty years later and whilst discounting the "fanning" theory corroborates the animal's biting powers and was convinced that the chief danger from attack lay not so much in the amount of blood taken from the victim as from the inflammation caused, the wound remaining painful for several days and becoming frequently septic.

The last ten or fifteen years have seen concentrated efforts to elucidate the vampire's life story, and though much has been learned, much more remains to be discovered. Dr. William Beebe, of the New York Tropic Research Station, has made detailed investigations into vampires. The dentition is curiously degenerate, comprising only twenty teeth, the two incisors being chisel-like, and the puncture made by them is so small and so skilfully administered as to leave the victim quite undisturbed. Dr. Beebe attempted in the dead of night to counterfeit a vampiric attack upon his sleeping companions, but though he applied the finest hypodermic needle obtainable to their bare toes with considerable skill, the sleeper invariably awakened at the first attack. During the last few years a number of living vampires have been kept under observation at the New York and London Zoos, and the research station of Trinidad. As a result of carefully acclimatising the bats to artificial light and thus making it possible to take motion picture records, the bats' *modus operandi* is now tolerably well known. The vampire is a small bat, about three inches long, of a reddish brown colour, with short ears, a rudimentary tail and a wing span of from nine to twelve inches. It is far more quadrupedal than the average bat, which scuffles painfully along on knees and elbows, for by raising itself on feet and ankles some two inches clear of the ground it can run like a large insect at a surprising rate. The vampire, therefore, instead of hovering above the object of its attack, runs nimbly towards it and, having punctured the skin of some exposed part, literally sips the blood as it oozes from the capillaries. The bat sips so rapidly that throughout the progress of the meal a thin stream of blood seems to remain in suspension between the puncture and the tip of the bat's tongue. A vampire may drink a wineglassful of blood at a session, "swelling wisibly" as Sam Weller said of the lady at the Chapel tea-drinking. The bat is indeed completely globular when replete. It then runs or even hops towards its perch and there roosts, head downwards, in typical bat fashion. At the Zoo the blood must be kept on ice and to prevent coagulation is defibrinated by means of an egg whisk. Two wineglassfuls of blood, one at morning and one at night, constitute the daily ration.

Even when robbed of all legendary embellishments, the

vampire is still a very real menace to many activities since it can convey a trypanosome from cattle to horses which, whilst harmless to the former, proves fatal to its equine hosts. It is further suspected that the bat's saliva may carry an anti-coagulant which induces prolonged bleeding in the creature attacked so that haemorrhage may continue long after the satiated bat has decamped.

In conclusion, one may well wonder how an animal usually associated with an insectivorous menu should acquire such a restricted and unique diet. The cause is unknown, though it may be that in a country pre-eminently rich in bats the vampire has been forced to explore fresh channels for development. South America has produced vast hordes of insect-eating bats besides fruit-eating forms and even fish-eating, bird-eating and cannibal bats. Whatever the cause of the vampire's vampirism, it has become perfectly attuned to its peculiar existence. Not only are the teeth remarkably modified, but the alimentary tract is reduced to a relatively small compass—the hall-mark of any mammal relying upon so concentrated a form of sustenance as blood. E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

CATHOLICISM IN SPAIN

SIR,—Having just returned from Spain, I am amazed at the ignorance which appears to exist in this country regarding the situation. As a Catholic, I am particularly concerned with the Catholic press, which appears to be far more concerned with the alleged attack by the Government forces on the Church than that a rebel army, having in its ranks large numbers of priests, should have risen against the constitutionally elected Government of the Spanish people. For two weeks *The Universe*, one of the leading Catholic papers, has been filled with atrocity stories, while another of the Catholic papers warns Catholics not to subscribe to the fund being raised by the Labour Party on behalf of the suffering Spanish workers.

It is surely necessary in the interest of truth that Catholics with others should have the facts placed before them. I have before me copies of *The Universe*, and were I to believe all the statements printed there, I should be appalled, as all decent people would have to be, by what they portrayed.

This is not "a Civil War between the Military defending the Catholics, and Reds' militia (an armed Communist mob)" as has been said in *The Universe*. There are no Communists or Socialists in the Government of Spain, but only Liberals, some of them prominent Catholics—the Socialists and Communists having refused to take office. It is a fight in which the elected Government of the people (including no Socialists or Communists), is attacked by a group of Conservative malcontents who hope, by seizing power, to be able to declare a Fascist dictatorship in Spain. For that reason they are being supported by Italy and Germany at the present time.

As to the destruction of the churches, one would realise had one been in Spain, that if an aerial bombardment is taking place, it is quite impossible to drop bombs so that they miss the churches. Churches in the Spanish towns are as close as blackberries on a bush.

The Universe have themselves acknowledged in their copy of August 7th, "That several churches have been used by the anti-Reds as ammunition dumps." The Spanish Government, therefore, by all the rules of war, are entitled to bomb them.

With reference to the alleged attacks on the priests and nuns, I would point out that on Wednesday, the wireless broadcast from Madrid given by Reuter on behalf of the International Journalists, declared the atrocity stories to be untrue. In the evening broadcast of August 14th, "the public were warned against hysterical stories published in the British press by refugees and others," and on Sunday night the announcer, in giving the news of Spain, spoke of the tragedy of a town which was entered by the rebels who shot 2,000 young men because they had arms which they were using in defence of the Government of their country. He said these young men showed no fear of death, making only one request, that they might be allowed to confess to a priest before the execution took place. Immediately, he went on to say, a member of the rebel force threw off his uniform, donned his priestly garb, and went over to comfort the young men. These are the young men, remember, spoken of as "The Reds" who are out to destroy the Catholic Church in Spain, and who have been accused of every sort of blasphemy; while the priest, be it noted, was in the uniform of the rebel attacking force.

The Universe of August 7th quotes from the *Daily Telegraph* and says: "'The priests opened fire on the Communists, but they were overpowered in numbers and the church was set fire to.' Dr. Montessori, the famous educationist, who has just reached London from Barcelona, said in an interview: 'The priests had taken an active part in the fighting, and I believe most of the danger to the churches was caused by stocks of ammunition left inside them.'"

No war was ever waged without some atrocities being perpetrated, but the responsibility rests on those who started the war, and there is no doubt as to who is responsible in this case. I only hope and pray that the Spanish people may be successful in their fight against the rebel army, augmented as it is by Mohammedan Moors, and by the Fascist Government of Italy, fresh from its victory obtained through pouring liquid gas on to a defenceless people, and by Nazi Germany, which has at present 100,000 of her people in jails and concentration camps, many of them facing torture for no reason other than because they have been true to their political faith, their race or their creed.

If the Fascist rebels win, we shall have moved one step nearer, in this country, to the same awful dictatorship to which I believe death to be preferable. MONICA WHATELY

MEDICAL AID FOR SPAIN

SIR,—Those who realise, like Bertrand Russell in his letter last week, that the rebels in Spain are fighting to restore a clerico-military-landowning despotism over the peasants and industrial workers, and that their victory would mean a powerful reinforcement for the Fascist bloc in continental Europe, have been looking round for methods of transforming their moral support for the Spanish Republican Government into active and material assistance. There is now at least one splendid opportunity for helping in a thoroughly practical way.

With the consent of Señor Fernando del los Rios, a Vice-President of the Cortes and spokesman of the Government abroad, friends of the Republic are organising a British ambulance unit that will be sent out the moment it is ready to start to wherever the battle is hottest. After a meeting in the Friends' House last Friday we found ourselves the happy possessors of a sum of £500. This suffices to equip the unit, but we need another £500 to transport it to Spain and to maintain its efficiency after it has begun its work on Spanish soil. Our venture is not merely a mission of mercy; it is a gesture of international solidarity that will gladden the hearts of the loyal Republican Forces. Doctors, orderlies, and nurses have already volunteered to risk their lives for the complete strangers who will be brought to them maimed by bullets or crippled by disease; but we are still short of cash.

Contributions, however small, will be most thankfully received by the Spanish Medical Aid Committee, Kern House, 36 Kingsway, W.C.2. Need I add that every day counts?

Mainhead Park, LISTOWEL
Exeter.

BRITAIN AND THE SPANISH WAR

SIR,—Until only the other day it was almost universally held that the noblest contribution of the British to European civilisation has been our theory and still more our practice of political liberty and parliamentary democracy. For centuries we have been proud of the fact that we have been pre-eminently a free people, and of the English institutions which have established our freedom in the face of every attempt to put in its place some form of irresponsible, militarist, or autocratic government. It has taken over 300 years of our history to establish and consolidate this characteristically British freedom, and we have had to defend it at one time or other against our own kings, aristocracy, army leaders, and also against Spanish, French, and German monarchs, dictators, or conquerors.

To-day in most of the States of Europe our ideal of individual liberty has been repudiated and all the institutions of political freedom destroyed. At the present moment in Spain a constitutional Government, elected by the people, is being attacked by a junta of generals, who, with the aid of Moorish troops, have declared their intention of destroying parliamentary democracy

in that country and of setting up in its place an authoritarian, military Government on the Fascist model. The Government which is being thus attacked is a Liberal democratic Government; it contains no Socialist or Communist. That it has been able to withstand this military coup and the invasion of Spain by an African army for so many weeks has been due to the fact that it has behind it the great majority of the Spanish people of all political and religious creeds.

At any other time during the last 150 years of our history the sympathies of practically all classes in this country and of our Government would have been with the Spanish people and its Government in such a struggle of democracy against military despotism, and of freedom against Fascism. It is, therefore, a matter of grave concern to find that in many quarters, particularly in the popular Press, a persistent attempt is being made to misrepresent the nature of the struggle, and to enlist the sympathies of Britain for the military rebels, on the ground that the Government is Bolshevist or Communist. The Spanish Government is, we repeat, a democratic Government, elected by the people, and, like our own, responsible to the people; it is fighting against military despotism and Fascism for liberty and for what in our country we have for more than a century considered to be the bare minimum of political civilisation. We who sign this letter belong to various political parties, or to no party, but we agree in retaining belief in the British ideals of political freedom and democracy, and we therefore desire publicly to express our sympathy with the Spanish Government and people and our hope that our own Government will take every legitimate opportunity of pursuing towards such a foreign Government the traditional British policy of sympathetic benevolence.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE, NORMAN ANGELL, ERNEST BARKER, P. M. S. BLACKETT, A. M. CARR SAUNDERS, G. D. H. COLE, F. M. CORNFORD, C. DAY LEWIS, C. DELISLE BURNS, E. M. FORSTER, MARGERY FRY, G. T. GARRATT, G. P. GOOCH, CHARLOTTE HALDANE, J. B. S. HALDANE, HASTINGS, R. H. HODGKIN, W. HORSFALL CARTER, JULIAN S. HUXLEY, HEWLETT JOHNSON, DAVID LOW, F. L. LUCAS, GEOFFREY MANDER, G. E. MOORE, GILBERT MURRAY, HENRY W. NEVINSON, RHONDDA, SHENA D. SIMON, R. H. TAWNEY, H. G. WELLS, RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, LEONARD WOOLF, VIRGINIA WOOLF

23 Haymarket, W.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—Before dealing with Mr. Keynes' general position, I will dispose of some of his minor points:

(1) Foreign policy has been democratised since the war. When the Opposition votes against the Home Office or any other Civil Service estimates, no one dreams of suggesting that this means that it desires to abolish the police force or the Civil Service. It is equally beside the point to suggest that the Labour Party in voting against the arms estimates is asking for the abolition of the armed forces. In both home and foreign policy (the latter includes defence policy) voting against the estimates is the only constitutional way of registering dissent from the Government's policy. If the Labour Party were to vote for the arms estimates, the fact would be interpreted by the Government and by public opinion as meaning that Labour did not seriously disagree with the Government's foreign (including defence) policy. The Labour Party has always said it would vote any arms credits required for a genuine collective system policy.

(2) Mr. Keynes says: "Since we have committed no act of aggression and have accepted all the decisions of the League, I doubt if it would be true to say that we have 'defaulted on our treaty obligations.'" The League is nothing but the States composing it, and cannot take any decision of substance except unanimously. Great Britain is a permanent Member of the League Council and was far and away the most influential League Power in all matters outside the Continent of Europe, and particularly in the Mediterranean and East Africa. The League cannot take any decision except such as is desired by our Government. It is the British Government which bears the heaviest responsibility for the League's failure to prevent Mussolini's aggression under Article 10 or 11 of the Covenant. The British Government's reply to Mussolini's *démarche* of January 27th, 1935; Mr. Eden's efforts to bargain with Mussolini in Rome in June 1935; the Maffey Report; the Eden-Laval offer in Paris in August 1935; the Anglo-French proposals accompanying the Committee of Five's plan in September 1935; the Petersen-St. Quentin Conservations in October and November 1935; the Hoare-Laval deal in December 1935—these were all violations of Article 10 of the Covenant of such a character as to constitute the British Government an accessory before and after the fact to Mussolini's aggression. The sabotage of oil sanctions and the refusal to apply measures that involved the risk of war meant defaulting on Article 16 of the Covenant, and for this default the British Government bear the chief responsibility. Finally, the raising of sanctions meant not only defaulting on, but destroying, Article 16 of the Covenant, and in this it was the British Government that took the initiative.

(3) Mr. Keynes does not believe that the Government have abandoned the collective system in such a way as "automatically to wipe out any distinction between self-defence and the use of war as an instrument of national policy." The failure of the League, he believes, makes war more likely but does not make *inevitable* a "great war in which we shall be engaged." By implication, it does make another great war inevitable sooner or later, but this time, in some mysterious way, we are going to stay out. Mr. Keynes, judging by this and by his objection to an all-European treaty, shares the Government's belief that the way to have peace is to localise war by letting Hitler rip in East and Central Europe. I disagree.

The White Paper on defence of last March says armaments are required in order to "enable us to exercise the influence and authority in international affairs which are . . . required for the defence of vital British interests," and adds that "the prime function of the Royal Air Force is to provide an effective deterrent to any attack upon the vital interests of this country whether situated at home or overseas." The arbitral obligations of the collective system are as dead as the sanctions—both have been swallowed up by the triumph of the anarchic view that everyone is entitled to do whatever he wants in "self-defence" and that no one is obliged—unless he considers his "interests" are involved—to stand by a law-abiding State against a law-breaker. The White Paper makes it clear that what the Government understand by "defence" is the use of war and the threat of war in order to uphold their view of British rights and interests (i.e., colonies, concessions, markets, etc.) against any rival view. That is the same thing as using war as an instrument of national policy. That is what Sir Norman Angell has so aptly called putting force behind the litigants instead of behind the law. The Government have shown in the Far East and over Abyssinia that they will not in any circumstances put force behind the law. They have thereby helped to destroy the law. And their White Paper shows that they are piling up their armaments in order to use war as an instrument of national policy. That means the Balance of Power, rival alliances, an arms race, and sooner or later, inevitably, another world war. There really is no doubt about that. It is not a risk, but sooner or later a certainty—unless British foreign policy changes drastically.

And now I come to Mr. Keynes' general attitude. By implication, he regards himself as a man who courageously talks realities and faces the world as it is, as contrasted with the cloistered innocence of people like myself, who are concerned only to seek relief and emotional comfort, a refuge from the torment of thinking. Perhaps. But all Mr. Keynes' courageous realism seems to me to boil down, to judge by his letters of August 8th and August 15th, to a heart-felt plea for ambiguity in our foreign policy, and for trust in Mr. Baldwin. The trouble is that one essay in being internationally ambiguous ended in August 1914. And that we have had five years now of that sort of foreign policy, with the results we know, first in the Far East, then at the Disarmament Conference, then in the European negotiations, then in the Italo-Abyssinian war, and now in face of Italo-German help to the Spanish Fascists. Personally, I should have thought that the "Sealed-lips Foreign Policy and Trust-Mr. Baldwin" business was played out by this time, and that it took more courage than realism to enter a plea for that attitude to-day.

I am glad to note that Mr. Keynes does not believe it is "everyone's duty to fight in any war in which the British Government alleges self-defence." In other words, he agrees that "sedition" is sometimes justifiable. I agree with him that a collective refusal to fight is more serious than an individual conscientious objection, and that it is essential that such a collective refusal should be on a sufficiently large scale to compel the Government either to

resign or to change its foreign policy at Labour's dictation. Half-measures are worse than useless. Where I differ from Mr. Keynes is in believing that the situation is already so grave as to require the most drastic action, even including a nation-wide refusal to work, or to fight, or to pay taxes in case of war, unless and until the Government resign or else produce a foreign policy that will satisfy the Opposition that it is doing what it can to revive the collective system and stop the drift to war. That is because I agree with a recent (May 31st) statement by the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander that "Unless the people as a whole are prepared to act, to demand and obtain a change in our foreign policy, war with all its dreadful consequencies cannot long be delayed. It is for the people now to demand that there should be an immediate revision of British foreign policy or that the Government should resign."

I further agree with Mr. Baldwin's statement that "The next war will be the end of civilisation in Europe . . . when that war came to an end the raging peoples of every country, torn with passion, suffering and horror, would wipe out every Government in Europe and you would have a state of anarchy from end to end of it as man's protest against wickedness in high places."

Believing both these statements to be true, it seems to me a case of an ounce of prevention now or of a box of *post-mortem* cure in say a couple of years. Unlike Mr. Keynes, I have entirely lost confidence in this Government, whose policy is being vitiated more and more by the pressure of capitalist vested interests and Tory class-war considerations, and which for five years has been sabotaging the League and drifting nearer and nearer to a great war.

A SOCIALIST

SIR,—May I put the following questions to Mr. Keynes?

First of all, what is his considered opinion of the theory that the fundamental cause of war lies in the existence of sovereign states?

Secondly, what is his considered opinion of the theory that the fundamental cause of war lies in the attempt to make world society function on a capitalist basis?

Thirdly, has Mr. Keynes himself formulated any theories to explain the phenomenon of war, and would he, in the event of his not having done so, give his reasons?

These questions are not put in a carping or aggressive spirit. They are being put by an individual who knows only too well what Mr. Keynes describes as "the torment of trying to think"; but who is all too aware of the fact that empty bellies cannot wait upon the suspended judgment of the social scientist, and that the bombing planes of war-intent nations are not overawed by it.

In addition, I should like to suggest to Mr. Keynes that the mud of "escapism" can really be flung at anybody: even himself. The Communist and the war resister might, with equal justification, accuse Mr. Keynes of escaping from the necessity of taking difficult and painful action by fleeing into the safe realms of suspended judgment. It would therefore seem necessary, for the purpose of fruitful discussion, to assume each other's sincere desire to grapple with realities. Our most urgent need at the moment seems to be the clear statement and analysis of the fundamental conceptions upon which rest our thinking and interpretation of events. It is for this reason that I have addressed the above questions to Mr. Keynes. For the purpose in view, they may be the wrong questions to ask. If so, I shall welcome correction and, having been corrected, will as eagerly await the answer.

M. B. SHAPIRO

28, Station Road,
Cambridge.

ARMIES AND POLICEMAN

SIR,—For more than twenty years I have been pursuing the policeman, who is introduced as an argument for the use of force in international disputes. But the entirely false comparison between a policeman dealing with an individual criminal and an army dealing with an aggressor nation is still used by quite intelligent people and the policeman reappears again and again.

May I add one brief argument to supplement General Crozier's letter.

A policeman pursues an obvious criminal and often catches him so that he is punished. Apart from the nation which, containing millions of people, is only declared to be "criminal" for propaganda purposes, there are leading individuals who have misled that nation and who are specially pointed out to be criminals. It would be quite easy to reach them, secure them and punish them—the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Tirpitz and now Mussolini. But you must not do that; it would be against the rules and etiquette of war.

As the Tommy said, when asked why G.H.Q. was never bombed when it quite easily could be: "Don't you see, it would put an end to the whole bloody business?"

So if we must have a policeman, we should imagine one who must carefully avoid catching the actual criminal and carry off instead his family, his servants and his friends. Because of his authority, intention, method, action, the sanction behind him and the civil law under which he operates, there is no analogy whatsoever between a policeman's duty and that of an army in war time.

PONSONBY

Shulbrede Priory,
Haslemere

CLOISTERED POLITICS

SIR,—There is, of course, much to be said for political agnosticism, and Mr. J. M. Keynes may be trusted to say it as persuasively as anyone; but is there much truth in his suggestion that those who espouse Dick Sheppard's faith of non-resistance have thereby retired to the intellectual cloister as an escape from the world of reality? To me the contrary seems to be true. Mr. Keynes will surely admit that the individual problem of co-operation in the organisation and the acts of war does not lack any of the elements of reality in the mind of the individual who considers it. Extensively, how to avoid war has become a basic problem of human consciousness, ever since men began to realise that war is ceasing to function as an explosion of instinctive and passionate feeling and rapidly becoming an intensive department of scientific political organisation. The difficulty of making practical politics conformable to our common consciousness that war has become an instrument which should no longer be used as an instrument of policy is great; but surely it is also the greatest and most real of the problems of practical politics. I fail to see how those who believe that the problem is only to be solved by non-co-operation have thereby cloistered themselves from the world of reality in which their faith can alone become operative. And surely to smile gently upon their decision as a vagary of the clerical mind is to err on the side of intellectual self-complacency.

MAX PLOWMAN

12 Woodside,
Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

STANDARDS OF LIVING IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—Surely our Marxist friends overreach themselves in their anxiety to explain away the disparity between the respective standards of living of the Russian and British worker? We are asked to attribute this disparity to the obvious fact that all over the world millions of slaves are toiling to maintain our standard of living at a relatively high level. So it seems that any advantages enjoyed by the British worker are due mainly—if not exclusively—to the ruthless exploitation of native labour under economic imperialism.

This theory is now part of the stock-in-trade of Marxist propagandists, but if it be true what becomes of those other Marxist contentions, that economic imperialism benefits only the capitalist class, that workers and capitalists have no economic interest in common, and that workers everywhere are the victims of exploitation and never its beneficiaries? Are the Marxists prepared to tell the British workers in general that they belong to the exploiting class, and will they explain that the Marxist campaign against economic imperialism is a direct attack on the British workers' standard of living?

Personally I have no doubt that the workers of this country have benefited by the investment of British capital abroad, and it would be difficult to deny that the workers have gained something through the abuses as well as through the legitimate and necessary features of the development known as economic imperialism. But it is not true that for example the poverty of the Indian peasantry is the outcome of British economic imperialism, nor is it true that this main feature of the poverty of India, even if it could fairly be traced to British imperialism, contributes anything to maintain the British workers' standard of living at a relatively high level. It is characteristic of Marxist mentality to make sweeping general statements without a shadow of support in exact estimates and to operate with slovenly blanket-terms like capitalism and economic imperialism without staying to

analyse the strange complexes of good and evil concealed beneath the blankets. There is, however, no reason to suppose that any benefit accruing to the workers in this country from economic imperialism is derived primarily from the abuses of the system.

This Marxist claim to explain the relative advantages of British labour in terms of imperial exploitation is tantamount to asserting that the standard of living of the workers in this country owes nothing to the skill, the training and experience, the character and organisation of the workers themselves, and likewise owes nothing to the development of the resources of our own country or to the growth of international trade in general. It is not discreditable to Russia that with her resources undeveloped, her methods of agriculture antiquated, her workers untrained and uneducated, those who are feverishly remedying these defects should not yet have succeeded in raising the standard of living of the Russian worker to the level of the British worker. But it is discreditable in Marxist admirers of the Russian regime to pretend that the disparity is due entirely to the abuses of economic imperialism and not in any degree to the legitimate enterprise, the character and training of our own people.

Insistence on what Mr. W. H. James regards as an obvious fact will at least throw into relief the intellectual confusion, not to say the intellectual dishonesty, inherent in most Marxist propaganda. H. G. WOOD

Lane End,
Bournville.

"KILLING THE AIR MAIL"

SIR,—I trust you will allow me space in which to reply to a letter which appeared in your issue of August 15th, under the signature of "Mondiale." While the letter contains complaints about the organisation of the air mail and air freight service, it is the heading, "Killing the Air Mail," under which you publish the letter, which imputes to my company such a lack of commercial prudence that I am compelled to seek your co-operation to disprove the charges made.

The first complaint refers to the delayed delivery of a letter conveyed by air from Berlin, and it is perhaps not appreciated that in air mail, as in ordinary mail, the transmission of the letter is in the hands of the Post Office. The air company receives only the air mail bags which are handed over on arrival to the Postal Administration for sorting and delivery. It is quite impossible, without reference to the Post Office, for us to know in what bag the letter was conveyed or whether any of the delay was caused during its air carriage.

With regard to the second complaint, I am sure that an extract from a letter to us from Mondiale will clear the matter up:

> As explained to you on the telephone to-day, I am expecting regular freight deliveries by air from Berlin of newspaper photographs dealing with the Olympic Sports. The first delivery will probably be by the Saturday 'plane, arriving early Sunday morning, and as suggested by you, I shall call down to collect, telephoning you beforehand to see if anything has arrived. The packet will undoubtedly be addressed to me by name at the above address.

In due course the air service arrived punctually to time on Sunday morning, August 9th, but no communication had been received from Messrs. Mondiale and in order to help our clients we immediately cleared the packages (two in number) through Customs, which at that hour of the day involved the payment of Customs Officer's overtime. At the same time, the Import staff endeavoured to make contact with Mondiale at the telephone number quoted on their letter, but in spite of several calls no contact was established until 10.30 a.m., when a representative of Mondiale instructed us to send the packages up to London. In these circumstances, as regular users of the air freight service, they were well aware that delivery charges would be incurred.

Dealing now with the charges involved, we assume that Messrs. Mondiale make no complaint of the charge for the air freight of 6*s*. 8*d*., with which, of course, by their experience they are familiar. The charge for clearance through Customs of 2*s*. 6*d*. lines up with the charges made by most clearance agents, in particular for express packages. The charge of 2*s*., which is quoted by Mondiale in their letter and described as "C.C.O.T." is "C.O.O.T.," viz., Customs Officer's Overtime, which, as explained above, is a disbursement at a rate fixed by H.M. Customs over which we have no jurisdiction. Finally, the delivery charge of 2*s*. 6*d*. cannot be considered excessive for personal delivery of a package from Croydon to London and is one with which Messrs. Mondiale, as regular air freight shippers, are well conversant.

It would appear in fact that the arrangements which Messrs. Mondiale stated they were making for the acceptance of these packages which they expected were not carried out by them, and that, on the other hand, we did everything possible to put them in possession of their consignment at the earliest possible moment in spite of their oversight, at charges which we feel sure all reasonable people will admit are moderate and customary.

It is to be regretted that had Messrs. Mondiale any complaint to make of the consignment in question they did not communicate with us in the first instance, when we should have been only too happy to consider any representation they had to make.

Imperial Airways, Ltd. C. F. WOLLEY DOD,
Manager, European Division

ACCIDENTS IN MINES

SIR,—In an editorial reference to the Barnsley tragedy in your issue of August 15th, it was stated that "overtime in mines was abolished partly because accidents tended to occur at the end of the shift." Yet Sir Richard Redmayne, then Chief Inspector for Mines, giving evidence before the Sankey Commission in 1919, in reply to Question 5202, said that "in explanation of *the higher death-rate and the greater occurrence of serious accidents in the earlier portion of the shift* as compared with the later portion of the shift, it was what one might expect when a working place had been standing for any period over night or over day." The italics are mine, but I think that, in view of the allegation made in your columns, the emphasis is justified.

The Home Office supplied the Sankey Commission in 1919 with detailed figures showing hour by hour the incidence of fatal and non-fatal accidents in North and East Lancashire for the period 1906–1913 inclusive. They tend to show that if accidents are more frequent at one time than another it is in the earlier rather than the later hours of the shift.

Hour of Shift.	Fatal.	Non-fatal.	Total.
1	56	241	297
2	48	230	278
3	47	239	286
4	49	203	252
5	46	193	239
6	55	227	282
7	48	179	227
8	38	145	183
9	10	59	69

The Miners' Eight Hours Day Committee, which reported in 1907, stated that "they had failed to obtain evidence which would associate the number of accidents in any disproportionate degree with the hours in excess of eight spent underground by the men or with the districts in which the longest hours are worked."

Neither is there any justification for the suggestion that nationalisation of the mines would conduce to a greater degree of safety than private ownership. Sir Richard Redmayne stated quite definitely (again before the Sankey Commission) that he did not know of any mineowner who had refused, on the score of expense, to put into his mine anything to safeguard the lives of his workers. PHILIP GEE

5 New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

"ROLLING STONEMASON"

SIR,—I am a reviewer myself and know how difficult it is to avoid all the pitfalls, but I feel I must arraign Miss Christopher St. John, in her review of Mr. Fred Bower's *Rolling Stonemason*, for misquotation and misrepresentation. The manuscript came to me through the post from the author, of whom I then knew nothing. I took it in to Mr. Cape, and when he arranged to publish it, I agreed to write a Foreword. Quoting from that Foreword, Miss St. John ascribes to me these words, "Of the context of this book it will be better for me to say nothing. The reader is entitled to get his impressions at first hand." Discussing this quotation, she repeats the word "context." But I wrote "content," which makes sense, unlike Miss St. John's substitute word.

She describes my Foreword as "eulogistic" and clearly implies that I attempt to usurp the reader's criticism by extravagantly praising Mr. Bower's style. The fact is, as anyone who cares to look at the book can verify, that all I do in that Foreword is to describe how I received the manuscript, read it, enjoyed it, and met

Mr. Bower. I conclude by expressing a hope that some readers may be interested in "the commingling of urban and country influences in his prose." The misreading of "context" for "content" may be due to carelessness or to a proof going astray, but when Miss St. John, attempting to counteract my non-existent eulogy, mentions her dislike of "the floral *clichés* from popular journalism and the tags from political propaganda" she is quoting word for word from me, without acknowledgment.

Kelvin House, Ruislip. JOHN BROPHY

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—Mr. Mortimer asks me some questions. I have eaten as good food in hotels in the Cathedral towns of Gloucester and Salisbury as in those of Rouen and Aix-en-Provence, but he will not get good coffee any more than in French hotels he will get good tea. English hotels have given me a Cox's Orange Pippin just as often as French hotels. As for running water in bedrooms, obviously by some strange chance our experience is not the same. My experience is that, taking the same class of hotel in the two countries, the number with "hot and cold" water in bedrooms is the same, but in England the water runs and is really hot and cold more often than in France. His last question, I am afraid, I cannot answer: London is a town of which the hotels, thank God, are unknown to me. LEONARD WOOLF

Monk's House,
Rodmell, near Lewes, Sussex.

[Mr. Mortimer writes: Mr. Woolf has retreated into false analogies. Tea has never been a part of the usual diet in France; coffee has for over two hundred years been part of the usual diet of England. Again, the Cox's Orange Pippin I mentioned as a simple English delicacy which should be, and is not, easily obtainable in hotels. The true analogy in France would be a good pear, such as you get, with delicious grapes and figs when in season, in a French hotel; whereas here dessert commonly consists of imported apples and fatigued bananas, and the stewed fruit comes out of a tin. A comparison of hotel-guides for England and France has convinced me that my remarks about plumbing are supported by statistics. In Winchester only four out of eight hotels have hot and cold running water in the bedrooms, in Canterbury two out of five, in Durham one out of three. I cannot find any French town where the proportion is anything like so low. Indeed it is most unusual to find a French hotel without this convenience. Finally, Mr. Woolf's gratitude to God for his ignorance of London hotels is well justified (except, of course, for the Ritz type), and I am glad that there is one count in my indictment with which he appears to agree.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"PARNELL"

SIR,—Mr. Conal O'Riordan, under the guise of reviewing Miss Joan Haslip's biography of Parnell, has seen fit to reissue and embellish one scandalous statement with regard to Mrs. Parnell and to advance two other scandalous statements, the one with regard to Parnell himself and the other with regard to Mrs. Parnell, which, so far as I am aware, have not appeared in print before.

In the first place, he speaks of Mrs. Parnell as an "accomplished demi-rep" and asserts that "it was her condition before Parnell laid eyes on her." In plain English this means that Mrs. O'Shea, as she then was, had been habitually unfaithful to O'Shea prior to her association with Parnell. This is a repetition of a statement for which the late Timothy Healy was horsewhipped in the precincts of the Four Courts, Dublin, in 1891. Mr. O'Riordan need have no fear that anybody will put themselves to the pains of horsewhipping him; but, as he has chosen to repeat an aspersion for which forty-five years ago Timothy Healy was described by two of his fellow Southern Irish M.P.s as "a cowardly cur," he will perhaps not regard it as an unwarranted request that he should be asked to place on record his evidence.

In the second place, Mr. O'Riordan says of Parnell himself that "periodically he had indulged in apoplectic love affairs with barmaids under the mentorship of . . . Mr. Biggar." Mr. Biggar's reputation may be left to take care of itself, but the allegation with regard to Parnell is new in print, at any rate to me. Again I ask that Mr. O'Riordan place on record the evidence for his allegation.

Thirdly, of Mrs. Parnell Mr. O'Riordan states that when Parnell "had been in his grave twenty years she sold his silly love letters to be the laughing-stock of the world." In 1914 Mrs. Parnell published a biography of Parnell in which a number of his love letters to her were printed. Is this the matter to which Mr. O'Riordan refers? If so, can Mr. O'Riordan's fertile imagination suggest a phrase more deliberately calculated to give a false impression of the facts than that which I have quoted? If it is not to this matter that Mr. O'Riordan refers, let him set out the details of the matter to which in fact he refers.

There are in the review to which I refer a number of other statements not less scandalous than the ones which I have set out; but, as the standards of decency by which Mr. O'Riordan appears to be guided are peculiar, no good purpose would be served by pursuing them. F. BOWER ALCOCK

4 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

Miscellany

DANCE MUSIC UNTIL MIDNIGHT

[Wireless will be indispensable in the next war. *Consensus omnium.*]

GOOD evening, everybody. This is the Empire Broadcasting Company speaking. For to-night's surprise item we are taking you over to the Western front. A trench raid has been in progress for the last half-hour and we are just expecting our men to return. If you will turn quickly to the cryptic little diagram which accompanied our programme in this morning's papers—of course, we couldn't tell you beforehand what it meant—you will be able to follow the proceedings more easily. Well, we've got the chief microphone in a dug-out in the front line. (Square No. 2.) I shan't pop my head out to describe the scene to you, but a terrific clatter is going on and I hope you are getting the effects nicely. It's a hopeful sign because it suggests that the opposition has got the wind up and must have been taken by surprise. Hold on a second. I believe some of our fellows have got back. Yes, by Jove, and they look very happy about it. I'll just run the mike along the trench and give you a running commentary. Ha, some more of our fellows have just tumbled in through the wire. They're pretty well blown, but they'll soon get over that. (Square No. 3.) I say, here's a piece of luck. Some prisoners have been dragged in. You should see their faces—positively yellow. Hullo, one of them is in a mess. Yes, he's got his, as the saying goes. Chest and abdomen. I believe, yes, I do believe, it's worth hanging on for the death rattle. We'll stop here in the hopes. (Square No. 4.) Confound it! I beg your pardons, but there's a wretched nightingale or something twittering about the place. Ah, thanks, one of our fellows has obligingly popped it off! Now! Yes, he's going. . . . I hope you heard that all right. Well, he got what was coming to him and that's one less to worry about. There's another one here with a bayonet through the throat. Looks as if he might be interesting. He's making that funny whistling noise if you can get it at your end. But I'm afraid we can't wait for him. We'll take you back to the main dug-out now and see if we can get some first-hand reports. Ah, here is Lieutenant Denison-Smith who led the raiding party! Would you mind saying a few words to our listeners, Lieutenant?

Good evening, everybody. Well, it was a jolly good show and the men were splendid. We must have scuppered a lot of the blighters. I'm afraid we've left a good few of our fellows out there in No Man's Land, but I'm sure if they were here they would say what I've just said to you. Jolly good show! Good night.

Now then, Sergeant-Major, your turn.

Well, hall ranks did their dooty as we expecks 'em to out here. Hon parade, hon parade; hoff parade, hoff parade, that's our motto. 'Oping this finds you as it leaves me, yours truly, Sergeant-Major Brown.

We've just got time for one of the privates. Come along, Nobby.

Lor lumme, we didn't arf paste 'em. 'Ahs the old Junction

and Lavenger 'ill? We cud do wiv some more fags 'ere. Can y'ear me, muvver?

Well, that's the end of our surprise item. We are now taking you back to the Hôtel Splendide for dance music until midnight. G. L. S.

GREATLY TO FIND QUARREL IN A STRAW?

IT was not the play alone that interested me on my way home from the Phoenix Theatre; it was, also, my mood. I recognised, even with some emotion, it was one that belonged more properly to my past, to my theatre-going before the war. Ah, those ruminative returns from the play! How I must have missed them, how unconsciously inured to missing them I must have become, if, now, it was a wistful pleasure to be reminded of them! Wistful? Yes—I should have to take care. What makes our comparisons between past and present open to suspicion is that the elderly who draw them were then young. They feel that, in the past, there was much more going on worthy of interest and enthusiasm, because they were more inquisitive and impressionable themselves: that is why, according to critics, the arts so often appear to be going downhill. Sometimes there has been a definite decline; but the elderly are suspect judges of it. So I shall refrain from drawing the comparison between contemporary drama and that of the first decade of the century which Schnitzler's play suggested to me.

Professor Bernhardi is one of those plays which leave you asking, "What do I *think* about all this?" "All this" being questions suggested by the story and the behaviour of the characters on the stage—in this case anti-Semitism, the moral conflict between religion and science, and the importance of moral and intellectual integrity. Ought integrity to be sacrificed to other ends? The technique of the play is old-fashioned, but, as you see, the questions it raises are much to the point to-day—more even than they were when the play was written.

When I call its technique old-fashioned, I mean that the construction is the kind exactly suited to the sort of play it is, which happens to be one seldom written to-day, because the dramatists who know their job best don't know what to think of life themselves and, therefore, very properly don't try to write plays intended to make people think. It follows a simpler curve. Act I, Scene one, a Jewish doctor, the head professor of a Viennese hospital, refuses to allow a priest who has *not* been summoned by the patient, to administer the Last Sacrament to a girl who may die suddenly, painlessly any moment, but is blissfully ignorant of that. Act I, Scene two, the storm against him is brewing up, and he knows what he is in for: an exposition of the characters of his colleagues who are (*a*) going to support him, either because they think he behaved rightly, or because he is far and away the best doctor in the Institute; (*b*) of those who are going to take advantage of his predicament to get him under their thumbs, or of those who want to kick him out for having flouted religion. Act II (the passionate climax of the play), a directors' meeting at which he is forced to resign, and to which news comes that the minister of education (who had promised to support him if questions were asked) has found it politically expedient to suggest a criminal prosecution. Act III, Scene one (after his sentence), religion and science, in the persons of priest and professor, amicably discuss their irreconcilable differences; Scene two (after he has served his two months), what the professor himself feels when he finds he has become a popular anti-clerical hero, what the politician has to say in defence, and what a man of the world has to say about the whole shindy. The construction is firm and simple: a single stone is thrown into a pool; there is a spouting splash which starts all the characters rocking violently; the ripples of thought widen and widen, they touch the bank and are still.

The technique of a play which is meant to make us think about the implications of a story is different from that of one designed to make one exclaim, "That's just how people go on!" or "Most certainly I was surprised." In the latter it is fatal to posit the situation from the start. The audience must be allowed to discover from hints as it proceeds what the play is about; sometimes it is wise that they should not be quite clear about that even at the end. Surface movement and animation are all-important. Like conjurers' patter this movement should distract from what is coming. The playwright can't afford to slow down for a moment or to let the tip of the rabbit's ears peep out before it is released. But with the play addressed to the understanding, the sooner the situation is grasped the better. That we foresee what is coming becomes a merit; that it should appear inevitable is indeed the condition of our interest. What we now ask of the dramatist is that he should make us feel and think about the inevitable intensely. In *Professor Bernhardi*, the moment each character appears we know how he will react to the situation created in the opening scene. We know how the Jewish doctor will behave, who has dropped the remark that nowadays (1900) it requires in a Jew courage to have his children baptised; how the young surgeon who is made happy for the rest of the day by a pat on the back will act; how the older man of science, brought up in the traditions of the last century, etc., etc. That each shows himself true to a type is part of our satisfaction in the play.

But this is only the skeleton of the play; it would be ungrateful indeed not to describe it as it lives and moves before us. Before attempting to do that let me make the crux a little more precise. In the first scene the Professor acts upon the assumption that it is his duty as a doctor to protect his patient from anything which may make her condition more distressing, and in this instance from a sudden shock which may precipitate the end. The priest puts a pertinent question. Is there any chance of her recovery? The reply is, no. Then, he says, I insist on seeing her; Bernhardi refuses: the patient has not sent for a priest, and as a doctor he must only consider her peace of mind. Of course, to the priest that kind of peace is unimportant. If to maintain it would lead to her recovery well and good, meanwhile, her soul is at stake, which is meaningless to the doctor. Each stands by his principles and his faith; and while they are wrangling, the girl, who has been told by the nurse that a priest has come to give her the Last Sacrament, is thrown into a mortal agitation, and dies. Mr. Abraham Sofaer's performance is a singularly impressive one throughout. He has to play the part quietly of a man who puts his integrity before consequences, either to himself or to an institution to which he is devoted. Throughout, his attitude is contrasted with those of other characters who consider ends (whether selfish or unselfish) before means. The opportunism of the minister of education is riddled with humbug; that of the priest with a devotion as genuine to the Church as Bernhardi's is to his calling. The two high spots in the drama are the extremely tense scene (admirably acted all round) at the meeting of the committee at which Bernhardi resigns, and the interview between him and the priest after the trial. The latter is the deepest scene in the play. The priest (Mr. Merefield cautiously underacts this part; it might be made more impressive) has come to tell Bernhardi that he thinks that he (Bernhardi)—*as a doctor and a sceptic*—acted rightly. The professor asks, with some irony, why then he did not say so in court a few hours ago. It was not lack of courage, Father Reder replies; God had told him that for the sake of the cause which is more precious to him than anything in the world he must withhold the expression in public of his private judgment, which would be misinterpreted. He owes it, however, to Bernhardi to tell him personally what he thinks. "I am afraid, Father, I can't give you absolution. Your God is a most convenient God if He tells you to say what you really believe in private and withhold it in public." The two men look hard at each other; and the priest says, "Now I also know why God sent me to you. It was that I might discover that I was wrong

about you: it was *not* devotion to your work as a doctor that made you behave as you did. It was hatred of the truth I represent." Bernhardi shrugs his shoulders and answers in all sincerity, "I assure you, Father, I have no animosity whatever against your Church. What is dividing us is a chasm deeper and more still than hatred. But think again, God made both men like you and men like me; He must have had a purpose in creating them." For a moment the priest is silent; then he stretches out his hand shyly. "Across the chasm Father?" "Let's not look down."

In the last act the Professor, who only wants to get back to his proper work, finds all desire to expose his colleagues who had tried to blackmail him or the humbugging minister who had tricked him (ends before means) has evaporated in the disgust and boredom he feels on discovering that he has forced on him the role of a popular anti-clerical figure. Politics were never his business; and there lay, as the man of the world points out, Bernhardi's mistake. He took a decision which plunged him willy-nilly into them. If he had been prepared to fight till death in that arena, well and good; but he was not, his job remaining what it always had been, science and the alleviation of suffering. "But," says Bernhardi, "*you* would have behaved as I did." "Possibly—in which case, forgive me Professor, I should have been as great a fool."

I hope what I have written will suggest that this is a significant play, one of peculiar importance to-day. We are living in times in which integrity is at a discount, and ends are held to justify the most despicable and vile of means. When Schnitzler wrote there was no such urgent compulsion (or there appeared not to be) upon men of science, art, literature and upon those who quietly pursue a happy life, to defend what is the condition of all they live for, tolerance and independence of mind.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

II.

THE only novelty of the season at the Festspielhaus has been the production of Hugo Wolf's opera, *Der Corregidor*, which is little known outside of Vienna, in spite of the eulogies which this work has received from well-known musicians, such as the late Franz Schalle, who was chief conductor of the Vienna Opera for many years. The production by Kantsky, the setting by Lothar Wallerstein were admirable and there was a good cast under Bruno Walter, who conducted, consisting among others of Kerstin Thorborg, Alfred Jerger, Ludwig Hofmann, and Jarmila Novotna in the principal role of Frasquita, the miller's wife. Novotna was very good indeed; she is a gifted actress and a fine singer, and her performance could hardly have been bettered. But, indeed, the singing and the playing under Bruno Walter were both of a high standard, and whatever one's disappointment with the opera it could not be attributed to the performance, which was in every respect adequate.

The opera is, however, disappointing. Those who know Hugo Wolf's songs will know what to expect pretty well, for Wolf in this opera does not give us any surprises. The first act is little more than a sequence of dramatic lyrics in the Spanish song-book style of Wolf. There is hardly any concerted music and Wolf seems to have no ideas outside his narrow genre of lieder composition. Later on, we get an almost exact imitation of the second act of *Die Meistersinger* and, indeed, throughout the opera Wolf's handling of his material is based on Wagner's style, although he is more concise than his "master." The libretto is of no great interest, being merely a farcical story of the town official (Der Corregidor), who is an elderly hunchback trying to make love to the pretty wife of the young miller. It would need a real master of opera and a composer of genius like Rossini to handle this story successfully. Hugo Wolf has put into his opera a great deal of fine craftsmanship as a composer, but it lacks the invention and verve necessary to such a work and, therefore, it soon becomes rather tedious, in spite of its high standard of musical artistry.

A very different experience was the performance at the Festspielhaus under Toscanini of Brahms's Requiem with the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra, the choir of the Vienna State Opera and the soloists, Anna Báthy (soprano) and Alexander Svéd (baritone). It was interesting to note that the two soloists sat in the middle of the choir just behind the orchestra, so we were spared the ridiculous spectacle which we have to endure in England of the solo-singers coming into the limelight and exacting special applause as they march on to the platform—as if their parts were in the slightest degree more important than those of the chorus and the orchestra! These two soloists were superb; so was the choir and so was the orchestra. We pride ourselves on our choral singing, but I have not for a long time heard in London a choir sing as well as this did. The singing was quite on the same level as the orchestral playing.

One hears it said in certain quarters that the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra is not as good as it used to be. I asked a well-known but retired Vienna musician who happened to be in Salzburg what his opinion was on this point, and he declared immediately that it was nonsense. Certainly I have never heard a finer performance of any work than this, and he was of the opinion that it was beyond criticism. Personally I think that Toscanini is absolutely in a class by himself as a conductor. It will probably be a hundred years before a conductor of equal quality comes again. The effect of Toscanini's extraordinary directness, steadiness and resistiveness is simply indescribable. Under whom else does one hear a lengthy *crescendo* achieved without the slightest *accelerando!* The effect of his amazing sense of rhythm in the third section of the Requiem was simply terrific. It made me long to hear Berlioz's Requiem, or *L'Enfance du Christ*, or Verdi's Requiem, under Toscanini, and that brings me to the point of asking why it was that the B.B.C. allowed its project of Toscanini coming to London to conduct six concerts to fall through? I have heard, but not officially, that the reason was that the B.B.C. tried to haggle with Toscanini about his fee. If this is true it is a ridiculous reason. Toscanini has not the nature of a prima donna; it is notorious that he cares nothing for applause or publicity. He should be paid whatever he asks, since first of all he is not to be compared with any other living conductor, and the whole artistic effect of any series of concerts undertaken by him has a value that is not to be measured in terms of money and, secondly, it is right and necessary for him to ask an exceptional fee.

The Brahms Requiem seems to me to be one of its composer's best works, and to hear it under Toscanini was one of the finest experiences of the festival, but as far as the music itself is concerned I would rank Mozart's C minor Mass higher. This work, edited by Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner, who conducted the performance of it at the St. Peter's Church, where it was originally performed under Mozart's direction, is a marvellous composition. Fortunately the performance was on a very high level. The soprano, Felicie Huni-Mihacsek, from Munich, is of quite exceptional merit and I do not know of a single soprano in England who could have come anywhere near the standard achieved by her. The soprano part is often exceedingly florid and very difficult, and Mme. Huni-Mihacsek sang it with a beauty of tone, an accuracy of intonation and a sensitiveness of phrasing which are all essential in order to display the real musical expressiveness of this sort of writing. The Kyrie is of such pathos and beauty that one welcomes the use of its music for the Agnus Dei with which the Mass concludes. The Gloria is one of the most remarkable pieces of extended contrapuntal writing in existence and makes an overwhelming effect. This C minor Mass was excellently performed under Dr. Paumgartner by the Mozarteum's orchestra and the Mozarteum's choir, assisted by members of the Vienna State Opera chorus. From where I sat in the nave of the church the acoustics were quite good, which is

not always the case in churches. Certainly this C minor Mass is one of the events of the Salzburg Festival which is most worth hearing and visitors should make a point of including it in the list of things to hear when they come here.

It only remains at present to mention the performance of Verdi's *Falstaff* under Toscanini. This is perhaps the gem of the festival. Mariano Stabile was the Falstaff and he is incomparable in the part, but one does not think of the individual singers at all, since the ensemble is so perfect that they take their places in the music just as the instruments of the orchestra do. The third act of *Falstaff* seems to me to be one of the most beautiful creations in the whole of opera, but there is no fault to be found anywhere with this wonderful composition, so vital, so pure and so rich in structure that it is not only a masterpiece in itself, but a perfect wonder as the composition of a man eighty years old. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ante-room," at The Queen's

"Why," said Alice, "they are nothing but a pack of cards"; it is probably the heavy hand of the McClintic production, so much heralded in the programme, that creates this illusion, for the distinction that marked Miss Kate O'Brien's novel is not lacking from her play. It is a distinction of mood more than of action and, while it is particularly difficult for any play to move dramatically in the melancholy languor that was the characteristic of the happy-go-lucky resignation of this Irish Catholic family, the subtle apprehension of atmosphere has been successfully transferred to the stage, and the play is a good one and, with one exception, has good acting parts. But the suggestion that descriptive narrative gives in a book must always be absent from the stage and the compression that the limits of time imposes have added a further measure of unreality to the one impossible character of the story, Vincent, the young man round whom the emotional episode of the play centres. His wild romantic charm and Brontëesque outlook were unsatisfactorily suggested in the book and his power to compel becomes too elusive for the stage in the brief disjointed scenes at his disposal. It says much for Mr. Clifford Evans that in this almost impossible part he was able to at least suggest that the spark was there to set the world aflame. And it must be confessed he might indeed have done it with a more arresting performance by Miss Diana Wynyard. One of the great merits of this play as a play—and here H. M. Tennent Ltd. are to be complimented on their courage and taste in producing what can never have looked like a great commercial success—is the calibre of Agnes Mulqueen as an acting part. The measure of her performance is the measure of an actress's capabilities and Miss Wynyard, competent in technique and distinguished in appearance, does not begin to touch the possibilities of this part. Her quiet methods are in keeping with the character of Agnes, but the play cries for variety and she and Mr. McClintic between them contrive a monotonous roll on the drum, which creates neither tension nor sympathy; there is nothing to give freshness to the humdrum kaleidoscope of everyday life or when emotion arrives to lift the play on wings to the sky. Miss Valerie Taylor would have given us a water-lily, Miss Beatrix Lehmann a carnation, Miss Margaret Rawlings a camellia; any would have done. But Miss Wynyard's wall-flower has no life in this garden and the play remains in the ante-room with the death of boredom already across the threshold.

There are many compensations. Mr. Morland Graham's father, a part that is a gift to any good character-actor, Miss Jessica Tandy's fresh youth, Miss Dorice Fordred's nurse, Mr. Denys Blakelock's admirable study of a weak and invalid young man. But once Miss Wynyard has shown that she could not give the breadth of vision the part demands, then the decoration of the play should have been coloured up to give more value to the entertainment. Sister Emmanuel, a rather insipid performance, could well be heightened till she becomes something of the nature of the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, Nurse Cunningham's vulgarity could add a warmer note than it does at present. In the endeavour to keep a certain quality of spontaneity, that spontaneity has disappeared. But it is a distinguished play and for those interested in dramatic writing an unusual evening; the setting and dresses are also delightful. That it disappoints is due to Miss Wynyard and in a less measure to Mr. McClintic.

"The Two Bouquets" at the Ambassadors

No one could resist this enchanting entertainment; no one does. Grandmothers, smarties, highbrows, schoolboys, all enjoy themselves hugely. The Farjeon family set the key with its delicious lyrics, Mr. Irvine responds with a gaily orchestrated accompaniment; the company tools at the top of their bent and Mr. Philip Gough, a newcomer to stage designing, provides witty scenery and brilliant dresses. The success of the evening is undoubtedly Mr. George Benson, who, with an appearance and manner closely resembling Miss Nellie Wallace, brought the authentic note of "one of the boys" into his infectiously hilarious performance. Mr. Ranalow's charm and ease of manner, which in the past made his Papageno so distinguished, adds lustre to the father, while his singing as well as that of Miss Adelaide Stanley enchants, as it always used to, the ear. Miss Gertrude Musgrove as "the sauciest little diddle-darling of the light fantastic" may well prove herself an English Ginger Rogers, while Miss Joyce Barbour in a performance of great humour as Mama adds a needed touch of straight acting to the canvas. Altogether an evening of superlatives; hats off, for once, to Mr. Carroll.

"Sim Sala Bim," at the Alhambra

The appreciation of really good conjuring, like a taste for the Marx Brothers, depends on a liking for logic or an affection for philosophy. Danté is an admirable performer of his kind, but his best work would be wasted on anyone without opinions—naive or subtle—on causation or the nature of reality. He is a masterly showman, and has a charmingly precise judgment of the capacity of his audience for observation and criticism. Amongst his more complicated illusions he sprinkles a few simple traditional tricks so that wiseacres who had a "conjuring set" when young are regularly swung from complacency to surprise. His patter is uneven, but when at the end of a long and brilliant ping-pong ball palming trick he announces that, "of course, it is all done by mirrors," the more explanatory members of the audience very properly squirm. He causes women to float in the air, shoots through them, cuts them in several pieces and makes them disappear in balloons with an exquisite urbanity. This show should be attended by mystics and materialists, preferably in pairs. All right-thinking children will in any case insist on seeing it, and adults who like that sort of thing will like this very much. Incidentally, the lager from the magic barrel which is dispensed to some people in the stalls is good lager.

"Everything is Thunder," at the New Gallery

Constance Bennett's hair has advanced over her shoulders; otherwise she is much the same in Shepherd's Bush as she was in Hollywood. In *Everything is Thunder* she plays a wartime waif with a heart of gold. Outside a Berlin station she picks up a supposed German with a lame leg. She discovers he has no money but the heart of gold allows his head to lie beside the golden curls. In the morning she finds he is an escaped prisoner of war, an Englishman, who is wanted for stabbing a guard in the course of his escape. But the heart of gold has melted: she loves him. She helps him to elude the detective who is on his trail and after her favours, and they escape from Berlin to an inn on the frontier, which they are to cross by the aid of a smuggler in butter who also deals in human beings and could "smuggle brimstone into Heaven." There they are caught by the detective, the girl is wounded, the boy returns to help her, once again the Teutonic heart yields to love and the detective lets them go—to be shot himself, but whether by his own hand or by a smuggler we are left in innocent doubt. Constance Bennett is much too good for the streets of Berlin. Douglass Montgomery has an exciting time escaping from prison and is convincing in his amatory capture. Oscar Homolka plays an unremunerative part with suitable terseness. In all, exciting and entertaining stuff.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, August 21st—

Socialist League Meeting in support of the Spanish Workers in their fight against Fascism. Chairman: William Mellor. Speakers: H. N. Brailsford, J. F. Horrabin, George Elvin and a Comrade recently returned from Barcelona. Entire proceeds to be given to the fund to fight the Spanish rebels. Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.

MONDAY, August 24th—

"The Scarlet Pimpernel," Everyman Cinema.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," Barn Theatre, Shere, Surrey.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN I was a boy one of my father's friends was a particularly welcome guest. Though he had spent his life working for a publisher, and had acquired an understanding and a love of English literature, he had retained the mixture of craftiness and simplicity of the village labourer, and he was a countryman in his outlook and his tastes. He knew every bird by its song and by the colour of its eggs as well as by sight, and when he came to stay with us, he always had time to teach me something new and delightful. One spring he showed me how to slip the rind off hazel wands and make whistle pipes out of the bark, and on another visit he made me a crossbow which would shoot with deadly accuracy. And he always had a fund of good stories, which were all the more interesting because they were not made up, or embellished, but were true. One of them was about the disappearance of an agricultural labourer who lived near Dorking. His cottage was not far from the nearest pub, and one winter evening Summers, as I will call him, took a large china jug off the dresser and went out after telling his wife that he was going to fetch a quart of beer. He did not come back and all inquiries as to what had become of him proved fruitless. He had been to the pub, had bought the beer and then he had apparently vanished from off the face of the earth. Mrs. Summers managed to get work locally, let us say she took in washing, and though she had a hard struggle, she was able to keep her cottage and bring up her young children. And then, nine years after her husband's disappearance, one winter evening, after she had put the children to bed, the back door was opened, and Summers came in. He was grey on the temples and he had gone rather bald, but was otherwise unchanged and in his hand he carried the same jug with which he had departed. It was full of foaming beer. Mrs. Summers gathered up her ironing as he put it on the table. "You see, I've brought the beer," he said proudly and poured out two mugs of it. But he offered no explanation of his absence and his wife did not require any. Next day he got a job on the farm where he had been employed before, and they went on living as though he had never been away. Apart from this lapse, Summers had the reputation of being a steady man. Local interest, naturally, centred upon the jug. How had he managed to keep it unbroken? If he had buried it in a ditch, or hung it on the branch of a tree, he would never have found it again, but if he had not put it away in some safe place, he would certainly have smashed it. It is the jug of beer that provides the dramatic touch to what is otherwise a not so very unusual occurrence, for people constantly disappear, and some of them afterwards come back.

* * *

Such a disappearance, with its modern sequel of a wireless S.O.S. broadcast before the News Summary, is the subject set to all the contributors to an entertaining volume of short stories which I can thoroughly recommend for holiday reading —*Missing From Their Homes* (Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*). The majority, of course, belong to the class of cleverly concocted tales which contain every ingredient except an understanding of character—in which all the details are original and convincing and only the protagonists are ready-made. This is not only, as is often assumed by highbrows, because it is much harder work for the author to create living individuals than to use conventional dummies, but because it is also harder work reading about them, and the great attraction of magazine, stock-size fiction, is that it rests the faculty of sympathy which many people find the most exhausting thing in their daily lives. For the shop-girl who spends her life sympathising with fat women who want to wear slim frocks, it would be no rest to read, let us say, Aldous Huxley. Hence the taste for characters like Bulldog Drummond. At least that is one explanation which provides everyone with a most creditable excuse for preferring to read trash. Actually only one of the stories in this volume—*An Early S.O.S.*, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, deserves to be called that, but it has a sort of inspired silliness, like *East Lynne*, with the wireless, in its infancy, bringing loved ones together over the unforgiving father's deathbed.

> It was Christmas Eve, a sad and indeed most mournful day at Willow House, for the gentle mistress of the large, opulent, old-fashioned mansion lay sick unto death.

* * *

If *An Early S.O.S.* makes the other stories shine by contrast, *The Kimono* by H. E. Bates shows up their mediocrity. Bates is one of the few artist-writers in England, and is probably the best short story writer among them. *The Kimono* is the kind of subject which might have been taken by Maupassant, or Tchehov, or Arnold Bennett, or D. H. Lawrence, who, each in his own way, would have been attracted by the idea of the correct young provincial nonconformist who comes up to take an engineering job in London and runs slap into his first experience of violent sexual desire in the little sweetshop café where he asks his way and has a cup of tea. Not one of them could have described the boy's violent sexual excitement, the intoxicating effect of the girl in the kimono, so simply and straightforwardly. They would have all got fussed about it. Bates writes as unselfconsciously as Lucian in the description of Fotis at the beginning of *The Golden Ass*. *Missing From Their Homes* is well worth buying and keeping for this story alone. Between these two extremes are the nine other stories. There is a really admirable murder story called *Where is Mr. Manetot?* by Phyllis Bentley, a genuine thriller told with real literary skill, and with a first-class ending. To get most out of it, read it when you are sitting alone in a local railway station while you are waiting for a cross-country connection. You will soon be forcing your way into the signal-box for company. *Will Carol Leadbeater . . .?* by L. A. G. Strong, is an amusing story about an author who takes charge of a young woman who has been passing herself off as his wife and is saved from a troublesome entanglement by an S.O.S., and *Publicity Heroine* by Anthony Berkeley is an agreeable knock-about act in which A Bright Young Thing and a couple of American gangsters knock spots off each other. But in too many of these stories there is some fatal psychological weakness in the dummy's make-up. For example, *A Drive in the Country* is a clever description of a girl's stealing out at night, from the safe little suburban home, to join her young man who unexpectedly requires her to play her part in a suicide pact. But the motive for it is grotesque. It is quite obvious that the author, Mr. Graham Greene, has never either stolen a car or been on the point of committing suicide, since he thinks that the first action is an adequate reason for the second. The sooner Mr. Greene steals a car the better—I shouldn't really grudge him mine. R. H. Mottram, who is a writer who knows better, commits a blunder of the same sort in making a hard business man bolt and turn beachcomber abroad because an old lady whom he was bullying died of heart failure. Even if he didn't put his trust in Spilsbury before the inquest, a man of that sort would read reports of it very carefully before embracing permanent exile.

* * *

Such considerations of probability and the like vanish completely when one takes up a volume with the damning title of *My Most Exciting Story* by twenty authors (Faber, 7*s.* 6*d.*). They are of an inferior brand and much less exciting than those in the first collection. Indeed the chief pleasure to be got is from the very dumbness of these dummies. For example, Dennis Wheatley's hero, a rough-hewn Scottish Laird, says of his divorced wife:

> After all she was one of us . . . and she knew the drill.

It was not surprising that she tried to anticipate her release by unloading her husband's automatic before sicking a Corsican bandit on to his sleeping form. *The Green Garland* by Valentine Williams is perhaps the best of a very unexciting bunch.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Fig Tree John. By EDWIN CORLE. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.
All Star Cast. By NAOMI ROYDE SMITH. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
The Emotional Journey. By W. B. MAXWELL. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.
Tambour Terrace. By ELEANOR DUNBAR HALL. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.
Both Hands. By JANE BIRD. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.
Sailor Take Warning. By ROBERT P. T. COFFIN. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 7s. 6d.

There are two portraits no novelist should attempt without fasting, prayer, purgation and propitiatory offerings to all the dark and malicious powers that wait to trip him head over heels into oceans of bottomless absurdity—the portraits of an extremely primitive and of a very highly gifted individual. It takes Flaubert to write readably of the soul of a housemaid, and Proust to describe a creative genius so that we feel that we have experienced the charm of his books, pictures or music at first hand. Sympathy or veneration are not enough. Primitive people are much more complicated than the rather condescending story-teller whose knowledge of the poorer classes is founded on random conversations with his charwoman would ever be ready to allow; while great aesthetic gifts are usually of very mixed origin and have often emerged from a chrysalis of mediocrity. Mr. Edwin Corle is not a Proust or a Flaubert; but he has accomplished the exceedingly uncommon feat of portraying—and portraying sharply and unsentimentally—a character whose intellectual level is far beneath his own. *Fig Tree John* tells the story of an Apache Indian who wanders away from his tribe and from the reservation on which he has been bred, crosses the Colorado River and settles down as a solitary squatter in the Californian desert. He is a devout savage, worships the gods of his forefathers and preserves an attitude of unflinching, though apathetic, contempt towards the works of the white man. He is not amused by, or even mildly interested in, the various daring and disrespectful jokes that they have perpetrated at the expense of surrounding nature. For he is sure that they will meet with retribution; and he is originally attracted to the shores of the brackish inland sea beside which he eventually makes his home because he learns that it was formed by the river god to punish the white settlers' attempts to divert his stream into the desert country. Here, among the scrub that borders the lake, he builds a temporary cabin; here his son is born. But then his wife is murdered by white marauders; and, although he had once intended to return to his tribe, it now becomes his duty to remain in exile until the death of his wife and the insult to his dignity as a warrior have been avenged.

Meanwhile, the white settlers are moving nearer. Still sullen in his refusal to come to terms with an alien mode of existence, Fig Tree John—his English nickname—acquires the reputation of a "bad Indian," a vindictive and desperate hermit who fires at white trespassers whenever he sees them. Alone he tries to educate his son; and the tragedy of the book is contained in Fig Tree John's failure to bring up the boy according to the orthodox ancestral pattern. Johnny is fascinated by his early glimpses of white magic; he makes friends with a Mexican hand at a neighbouring ranch and very soon takes on the same ambitions—he too wishes to get a job, accumulate a bank balance, buy a second-hand Ford car and (when he has fallen in love with Jose's sister-in-law) to marry a white girl. The book ends when Johnny kills his father in self-defence. Mr. Corle is a remarkably skilful writer; and, though the bare outline of the narrative might suggest that the effect it produced was crude and melodramatic, he has avoided the smallest hint of exaggeration. Fig Tree John is solid and convincing from the first page. The novelist has not fallen into the error of surrounding his noble savage with a sentimental or romantic halo. Unlike Lawrence's Indians, the chief character is not credited with supernatural insight into his own existence or into the existence of the world; he is merely portrayed as a somewhat crusty and short-sighted aristocrat, who has aristocratic virtues, but his full share of aristocratic failings. His destiny is pathetic—but no more pathetic than the fate of any other forlorn and magnanimous modern rebel whom industrial civilisation has left behind.

Mr. Corle gives a very plausible account of the primitive mentality—rigid, conservative, self-sufficient, unable to acquire the middle-class virtues of submission and compromise. The profile is magnificent, but it has no depth. There are good intentions; but those intentions must either follow a straight single-track line, or run helplessly off the rails to annihilation. Thus, the self-reliant Apache of the earlier chapters becomes the narrow-eyed, embittered "bad Indian" of the later episodes, crouched in morose dignity amid the rubbish and squalor of his encampment and the odds and ends that he has pilfered from neighbouring farms. *Fig Tree John* is well written, in the spare, unemphatic contemporary American manner. The nearest approach to a purple passage is the section which describes Fig Tree John's efforts to teach his son the traditional orgiastic dances that accompany the Apache ceremony of initiation. Johnny gets drunk and rolls across the brand new motor-road which cuts through the bush, naked and smeared with tribal paint. But next day he feels bewildered and half-ashamed. . . .

Miss Royde Smith gives a different proof of her temerity. True, she does not attempt to depict a genius; but she endeavours to do what is perhaps even more difficult—to bring to life an imaginary work of art. *All Star Cast* is an ingenious but not a very satisfactory novel. In the first chapter, an enthusiastic young dramatic critic, anxious to display his mettle, is shown *en route* for a new play. In the last, he is seen standing in the foyer, dazzled and delighted by the dramatist's brilliance. "'It was superb,' he said." . . . Between these two points, Miss Royde Smith has summarised the play, quoted copiously from the dialogue and analysed the interpretation of the actors and actresses. "The Ace of Wands" is a thriller, which introduces us to a particular unpleasant Russian wife—a part that it must have been hard not to over-act—a long-suffering literary husband and a devoted secretary. The secretary murders the intolerable wife. Suspicion falls on a new footman (who is also a jewel-thief); but the secretary gives herself up in the nick of time. Miss Royde Smith writes with considerable knowledge of the theatre and with considerable animus against old-fashioned dramatic critics. The book begins well; but Miss Royde Smith never succeeds in convincing us that we should like to see the play.

Both *Fig Tree John* and *All Star Cast* belong in treatment and in subject-matter to the third decade of the twentieth century; but reading Mr. W. B. Maxwell's new novel we step into the atmosphere of a steadier, more ceremonious and less cruelly distracted age. Imagine that you turn your back upon the petrol

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MORRIS

fumes, the noise, the unceasing vibration of a modern street, and cross the threshold of one of those large pleasant stucco-clad villas that still decorate St. John's Wood and Sydenham Hill, finding yourself at last among the oriental *portières*, dried pampas grass, blown ostrich eggs, Japanese screens, signed photographs, potted plants and draped pianos of a prosperous Edwardian drawing-room. Such—though the scene is contemporary—is the impression made by dipping into Mr. Maxwell's peaceful and dignified narrative. Who would not thrill to this description of a celebrated modern novelist?

> David Bruce's dark hair was beginning to turn grey, although he had only just passed his fiftieth birthday. Tall, erect, with a fine poise to his head, he was handsome certainly, but far more than that. His face had wonderful refinement and much quiet strength in it. . . . To describe David Bruce as famous was not using too big a word for his reputation. But the fame had not been derived from his actual work as an author. He had written two or three novels, of which one at least had been prodigiously popular. Then he ceased to be a novelist and became an essayist. . . . For the rest he had laboured on behalf of other people rather than himself. He was Chairman or President of several societies, and in particular of the large organisation called the Authors' and Artists' Welfare Association, which demanded much of his time and energy. In fact altogether he occupied a unique position in the literary world. He had been accepted as the head of the profession.

Mr. Maxwell is at his best depicting intellectual reunions and highbrow *soirées*—pages 108 and 120 are especially good—and chronicling the behaviour of publishers, machiavellian literary agents, ambitious young female novelists and other dark genii of the bookish inferno. Mr. Duncan, the wicked publisher, is extraordinarily well done. He accuses David Bruce of downright plagiarism. The famous novelist has a perfectly good defence; but even the head of his profession must be allowed a romantic secret hidden away in the depths of his private life; and, like Mr. Baldwin, Bruce announces that his lips are sealed.

Tambour Terrace, *Both Hands* and *Sailor Take Warning* are stories of family life. The two former books are English in origin and flippant in tone; the latter is American and highly romantic. Not for the first time do we read of a New England seafaring clan whose remote forerunners sailed round the world in tall ships, while the present generation had sunk to clam-digging, cod-fishing and lobster-catching. Mr. Coffin employs a carefully mannered, heavily emphatic style which drives in the dramatic and tragic importance of his theme with every paragraph; Miss Bird and Miss Dunbar Hall are brisk but scathing. *Tambour Terrace* is the better book of the two; but it is more readable for its satirical sidelights than as a continuous narrative.

PETER QUENNELL

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A PRELUDE TO FRANCO

Spain To-day. By EDWARD CONZE. *Secker and Warburg.* 3s. 6d.

Two years ago a Spanish ambassador said to me that the next European war would have its origins in the Spanish peninsula. Added to a bizarre theory that all political conflagrations begin in peninsulas, this remark sounded like nothing more than a perversely patriotic attempt to compete with the sinister claims of some Central European countries—part of the recurrent nostalgia to cut a figure in Europe once more, which Señor Madariaga's "Empire builders gone out of business" would naturally feel. Well, it all looks very different now. Spanish Socialists who warned us that we were not taking Spain seriously and that far more than a struggle against a medieval Church and a chronically meddlesome army was involved, are now dramatically justified. And the historian of the future may even date the conflict of Europe with the coloured races from the time when the defenders of order and faith imported black mercenaries from Africa to help them destroy their own countrymen. Seven hundred years' occupation in Spain was the last result of such an invitation. It is an historical parallel which Fascists throughout Europe might usefully consider.

In the meantime any book which will throw some light on the forces at work before the present Spanish confusion must be welcome. Dr. Conze's does not present the whole picture, and makes the dangerous mistake, made by so many Left-wing books about Spain, of virtually ignoring the composition of the Right and of making little allowance for imponderables. Even Communists, since the Franco-Soviet pact, have discovered that politics is not an exact science. But allowing for the scrappiness of Dr. Conze's information, his tub-thumping epithets and fancies and the evident hurry to get the book out, his book does a valuable service. After going through it, readers should be able to make some sense out of the Spanish news. Opening with a chapter on the permanent causes of unrest, and referring to the general renaissance which started at the beginning of the century, he shows how Spain, like Russia, is struggling to emerge into the modern world at one stride. All the forces of tradition resist the movement inevitably; and the position on the Left is confused. The 1931 revolution was made by the small, new middle class of the towns which had snatched a brief period of security and freedom but had never had real political power; they feared and still fear that working-class revolt is doomed to failure and will throw them all into the hands of the cruellest and most indolent reactionary force there is in Europe. They also fear "the socialisation of misery." The workers, with the Russian example before them, pursue tactics of continual strikes and minor insurrection, but are fatally disunited. So at least it was when the rather strained Popular Front was formed. Whether the present civil war has brought about a real destruction of differences remains to be seen.

Dr. Conze takes the political story from Primo de Rivera down to last month. Like all partisans he prefers an enemy to a friend, and is almost affectionate to the amiable reactionary of Jerez while reserving for the Social Democrats who succeeded him the usual epithets. Dr. Conze's own views seem to have been influenced by Maurin, the leader of the P.O.U.M., a new Marxist party which, inspired by Leninism but tired of Moscow's present respectability, are endeavouring—or were before the present outbreak—to arrive at "a new synthesis." This party had some 8,000 members, against the 1,400,000 members of the Socialist unions, the 600,000 Anarchists and 50,000 Communists. Dr. Conze is one of those who believe that the worker's cause is defeated by its neurotic union with the Popular Front; but, as it has turned out, without the Popular Front General Franco would have just walked into Madrid. Or is the present alliance an equally suicidal pact with Social Democratic incompetence?

Writing with a war of extermination in progress and one which seems as likely to degenerate into the guerilla butchery of the

Carlist model of 100 years ago as to follow the orthodox revolution or counter-revolution of the Russian or Austrian kind, one finds an unreal and academic quality in the doctrinal divisions Dr. Conze records. But, as he says, the Spanish Left seems to have a capacity to learn from experience. One wonders what lessons the Anarchist Federation—that characteristically mystical Spanish movement, with its contempt for Marxist materialism, its erratic individualism and lyrical moral fervour—have learned since they went against their principles and condescended to vote at the last elections. Have they wiped out their betrayal of the Asturian miners? Free, by the invitation of General Franco and his black troops, to indulge in their taste for direct action to the full, will they take charge of the revolution if it becomes a revolution, or will they sabotage it? There are very cursory sketches of Caballero, Azaña, Prieto and Robles in the book; but there is nothing at all about the generals, nothing about Giralt. The intense regionalism of Spain is noted but the modifications this makes to doctrinaire theory are not adequately discussed. There is an interesting, but again irritatingly superficial account of a visit to a collective farm in the province of Toledo. Always half a picture: still, half a picture is better than none.

V. S. PRITCHETT

POPULATION PROBLEMS

World Population. By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Everyone knows that the birth-rate has fallen and all informed people are aware that many of the white races are in sight of an actual diminution of population, but it is not generally realised how immediately important are some of the problems that arise from these facts. This is partly due to the apparent suddenness of the change from a fear of over-population, partly to the sectional way in which separate aspects have been treated. "There is no general survey of the world situation," and Professor Carr-Saunders has undertaken the task of supplying this gap. The survey extends from Finland to New Zealand and round the world, from 1650 to the remote future and has a background of prehistory. This wideness of treatment is necessary to put existing tendencies in a proper perspective. The "small family system" is not new, but rather a reversion to primitive conditions. In the Christian era births were encouraged, but equilibrium was preserved till modern times by a high death-rate due to violence or absence of hygiene. When the death-rate was reduced population grew rapidly. The rate of increase in the world, other than Asia and Africa, is estimated as about one per cent. per annum, or a doubling in about seventy-five years, this rate becoming effective early last century. The religious and moral objections to limitations of births being weakened, and the means of prevention becoming known, the birth-rate has generally fallen in Western Europe and North America till now in many countries it is insufficient to preserve the level of population.

This change is attributed by Professor Carr-Saunders to the desire of women to be partially free from the pains and trouble of bearing and rearing children, and of men to avoid the lowering of their family standard of living and to give their children a chance of rising. All other causes are held to be relatively unimportant. These desires are very widespread, but the knowledge of means is not universal, and when this knowledge extends to all classes and methods of limitation are more certain and less expensive, it is anticipated that the general birth-rate will fall still further. Till now in nearly all countries the number of births exceeds that of deaths. To find whether this excess can continue it is necessary to consider whether the number of daughters born and living to the age of parturition, per thousand women between the ages fifteen and fifty, is greater or less than one thousand. The ratio that is elaborated from this consideration is termed the "net-reproduction rate" and has been estimated by Dr. Kuczynski for several countries. If it is less than unity, and neither the death-rate falls nor the "specific" birth-rates rise, the population must presently diminish. Facing p. 123 these rates are given; they are less than unity for all the countries considered in Northern and Western Europe except Italy and Portugal, and in Australasia; it is falling towards unity in the United States. Japan is also tending to a maximum population. None of the propaganda or methods for encouraging more births appears to have had enough influence to do more than at most to retard the fall, and it is suggested that the propaganda in Italy will not prevent the rate falling to unity, though in 1934 it was as high as 1.18. Our author takes the view that the fall will generally continue and that there is no problem of over-population in the world of white men taken as a whole.

There will probably be general agreement with the opinion that the system of small families will spread into classes and districts which it does not yet reach, and with the arguments here advanced that no fall in the death-rate or official stimulus will check it significantly. But it may be doubted whether enough emphasis is laid on the psychological factor. It is suggested that defeatism may be responsible for the decay of the Pacific Islanders, while the Palestinian Jews are relatively prolific "in an endeavour which gives them hope and confidence," and that we may "conclude that, if the reproduction rate is to become a replacement rate, people must be brought deliberately to found families as a contribution to a society in whose future they have confidence and in whose ideals they find inspiration." No one can tell how much of the present limitation of families is due to the fear of unemployment for the father and later for the children, and to the fear of war.

Though actual reduction of population has not yet begun and will at first proceed very slowly, the problems are immediate in relation to migration policy and in the actual reduction already of the number of recruits to industry. It is argued that Australia, for instance, should increase at two per cent. per annum, taken as the maximum rate of economic development, and that failing this the claim to hold the whole of the continent is untenable. The United States also has room for a greatly increased population, but is at present almost closed except to the nations whose population is about to fall in their own countries. In a very broad survey it is argued that emigration cannot give relief to India or China so long as they breed down to the limit of subsistence; but Japan is beginning to control births, and could be relieved if suitable countries were open to her. No European country, except Italy temporarily, would need more land if internal economy and trading facilities were satisfactory. Space does not allow more than such indications of the treatment of migration, but we may remark that the suitability of parts of Africa for Indian immigration is hardly discussed. A very important section is devoted to the description of the control of migration between

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The Fortnightly Review 8*s.* 6*d. net*

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JONATHAN CAPE, 30 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON

certain countries, where the needs are ascertained from employers and others in the receiving country, and suitable emigrants are selected under conditions that ensure that they will comfortably reach their place of future settlement and not be in injurious competition with organised labour on arrival.

While there is a valuable discussion on the compatibility of different races for living together and on the climates in which races can work effectively, there is little or no treatment of any eugenic aspects of the problems. Indeed, the book covers so wide a field and contains so much that is little known, that it was only prudent to ignore some topics for which the literature is already copious.

ARTHUR L. BOWLEY

ATTIC FORMS

Archaic Marble Sculpture from the Acropolis. By HUMFRY PAYNE and GERARD MACKWORTH YOUNG. *The Cresset Press.* 140 Plates. 30s.

The first catalogue of the archaic sculptures of the Acropolis Museum was published by Guy Dickens in 1912. The author was killed in the war. This second catalogue, different in character and intention, but dealing with precisely the same material, now appears a few weeks after the tragic death of the author of the text, Humfry Payne. That both these archaeologists should thus have been prevented from following up the ideas, sometimes all too briefly dealt with in their texts, is a serious blow to the continuity of the study of a group of works of art which must stand for all students as the finest coherent group of ancient sculpture in the world. For the archaic statues of the Acropolis, dealt with here, cover a century which, in the artistic history of Greece, is by far the most absorbing and important.

The difficulty in all photography of works of art, particularly of sculpture, is to succeed in persuading the camera to tell the truth. Only a scholarly eye and a profound photographic knowledge, combined with an appreciation of the works of art to be photographed from the point of view (as far as this can be) of the artist who made them, can guide the temperamental camera on its way. We have only to look at the numerous books of pictures of Greek sculpture to see how fatal it is to hire a hack photographer and merely tell him to go ahead. Equally dangerous is the "propagandist" photographer who wants to give us Greek art seen through his own specially coloured spectacles. Certain recent French and German picture books give us Greek sculpture seen dramatically or, worse still, in the sad light of sentimentality, splashed with sunlight and outlined against tragic shadows. Mr. Young is to be congratulated on being the first to study each statue or fragment separately, and to adjust his photography to the intentions of each sculptor. In consequence his work is by far the most brilliant photography yet produced of Greek sculpture. One looks back on the lifeless horrors perpetrated by the professional photographic firms, that have served the public hitherto, with amazement that they could ever have been tolerated. Here, for the remarkably cheap price of 30s., is a volume of photographic masterpieces of some of the most beautiful sculpture ever made. Plates 32, 111 and 112 can rank as standards for all future photography. Plates 10, 71 and 87 (1) are almost as good. All alike are taken in a light, naturally or artificially obtained, which strikes in the direction of the light in which the statues were cut and in which they were intended to be seen. At last Greek archaic art has met its photographic interpreter. The layman can study it here with confidence.

Mr. Payne's brief text is packed with new ideas, valuable stylistic studies and, most important of all, with the results of much practical research. His discovery that the Rampin Head in the Louvre joins a body in the museum, and that the Lyons Kore bust equally belongs to a body there, are discoveries not merely important in themselves, but which in both cases add enormously to our knowledge of the development of Attic art in its earlier stages. As a result of his stylistic studies Mr Payne offers us some intriguing attributions. His best work is on the early period, where he gives us a group of three figures (617, 654 and the Rampin head) by the same artist, and associates the later work 679 with the group; 617 and 689 have for some time been associated, but the rest are new additions. On the other hand, in the later period, his tentative suggestion that 674, 684 and 685 are connected carries no conviction, for they are three very different works. He rightly lays stress on several works not always emphasised, such as the superb head 643, one of the greatest of all the archaic achievements, and, above all, on the almost complete statue No. 679, of which he says "in all Greek sculpture there is no figure more intensely and nervously alive," and of its sculptor that he had "a dexterity which would seem miraculous in any artist but a Greek."

Those who idly wonder why early Greek art should have such an intense appeal both to the public in general, and to Greek scholars in particular, should study this book. The photographs give the answer.

STANLEY CASSON

THE MAN OF FEELING

No Place Like Home. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

For the most part *No Place Like Home* is not very different from other travel books. Its author belongs to the cosy class: so much has been made of the "intrepidity" of pioneers and explorers, when it's really far more dangerous to travel across Europe in a Pullman, adventure is always just round the corner, and so on. Jaunty, modest and whimsically assertive, Mr. Beverley Nichols takes the ticket for his European trip; spends Christmas Eve in an Alpine sanatorium (and that reminds him of *The Magic Mountain*); comes to an inn where everything seems "strangely sinister" (Poe and Chesterton cited). Vienna is wonderful; Hungary provides gipsy music and Tokay; Constantinople appals; the Sphinx bores. Part II, Palestine. Mr. H. V. Morton, it will be remembered, recently visited the Holy Land; Mr. Nichols follows. He goes on tiptoe. This is what will sell the book—this, and the interviews earlier on with Queen Marie of Roumania ("I have pages more of notes, but it would be a betrayal of confidence to reveal their contents") and with King George of Greece ("However, unless I draw a line I shall run the risk of abusing the king's confidence"). It is all very wonderful, and not in the least snobbish, because Mr. Nichols would always as soon be friends with a newspaper boy, and it shows his marvellous sensitiveness. A Prodnose is introduced at regular intervals to help him on.

Author: Once again I stood in the little Byzantine convent at Daphni. Once again I went to the Acropolis. And once again, I wept.

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★

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Autumn, 1936

THE Autumn course of lectures will be held this year in the Friends' Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on six successive Thursday evenings, beginning on Thursday, October 22nd, at 8.30. The general title of the course will be "THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME."

The dates, subjects and lecturers arranged are as follows:—

1. Thursday, 22nd October. **"CAN CAPITALISM SURVIVE?"**
   Chairman: THE RT. HON. DR. C. ADDISON.
   Lecturer: Mr. G. D. H. COLE.
2. Thursday, 29th October. **"THE FUTURE OF SOVIET COMMUNISM."**
   Chairman: LADY NOEL-BUXTON.
   Lecturer: MR. SIDNEY WEBB.
3. Thursday, 5th November. **"DICTATORSHIPS: WHAT NEXT?"**
   Chairman: F. W. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, M.P.
   Lecturer: MR. WICKHAM STEED.
4. Thursday, 12th November. **"ECONOMIC NATIONALISM: CAN IT CONTINUE?"**
   Chairman: RT. HON. WEDGWOOD BENN.
   Lecturer: SIR ARTHUR SALTER, K.C.B.
5. Thursday, 19th November. **"THE NEXT WAR: CAN IT BE AVOIDED?"**
   Chairman: MISS A. SUSAN LAWRENCE.
   Lecturer: PROFR. P. M. S. BLACKETT.
6. Thursday, 26th November. **"HUMAN SURVIVAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS."**
   Chairman: DR. HUGH DALTON, M.P.
   Lecturer: PROFR. LANCELOT HOGBEN.

Admission will be by ticket for the course, which can be applied for at once, or for each lecture separately. As the accommodation is limited, preference will be given to applicants for tickets for the whole course. Applications for single tickets will therefore be reserved until October 14th, 1936, after which the remaining seats will be allotted according to priority of application.

The price of tickets for numbered and reserved stalls is one guinea for the course of six, or five shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back stalls and front rows of gallery seats, twelve shillings for the course, or three shillings for a single lecture; for numbered back rows of stalls and gallery, six shillings for the course, or one shilling and sixpence for a single lecture.

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Author: Literally.
Irate Reader: How very disgusting! How most unpleasant to contemplate! How . . .
Author: How anything you like. I wept.
Irate Reader: But what *for?*
Author: For the intolerable fall, fall, fall of man . . .

What differentiates Mr. Nichols from most other modern writers of travel books is that he is consistently the *man of feeling*. Like the Harleys of the eighteenth century he relishes a tender scene. "Oh God," he exclaims in Constantinople, after seeing a cat maltreated, "why do You allow it? How is it that You, who have given me pity, seem to have no pity Yourself?" Looking then over the balustrade of the river he catches sight of a man torturing a seagull, and hurries back to his hotel past alleys where a belaboured mule or a caged bird makes his plight worse. He leaves Constantinople "driven away by the cats, the dogs, the horses and the birds." Egypt, in the company of the High Commissioner ("it would be an abuse of hospitality to quote in evidence anything that I heard from Sir Miles Lampson"), is rich in interest and amusement, and it provides also the little indispensable tableau of suffering. Mr. Nichols goes duck shooting—though only, of course, to look on; the birds suffer and he suffers.

"Peter, it's not dead."
"What's that? Wait a sec." He fired again. "Got him." Another smack on the water. He turned to me. "What d'you say?"
There were now two ducks to worry about, but the first was still fluttering. "He's not dead," I repeated urgently.
"Dead enough," said Peter. "If he was only slightly wounded, he'd try to dive and we'd lose him. There's no fear of losing that one."
"I wasn't thinking of that . . ."

Duck-shooting, however, Mr. Nichols might have found by staying at home or in any of the countries on the way to Palestine. His pilgrimage through the biblical towns is beset with horrors of another kind, ending with the discovery of a Garden of Gethsemane shut in by iron railings.

In a sort of nightmare I passed through the railings and walked round the flower-beds. And here I had the greatest shock of all.
For the garden was not even weeded! . . . I shuddered. I bent down and tugged at a rank nettle that had rooted itself in a bed of violets. The poisoned leaves stung my hands, my wrists. I thrust them deeper into the clump, wishing that their sting might be more fierce. . . . No sooner had I thrown the long hairy tendrils on the path, than I noticed more nettles, thrusting their sharp ugly leaves against the wall. And not only nettles, but dandelions, and quantities of rank grass. I took a step forward and then my heart failed me. For over the railings I saw a band of tourists staring at me with polite amusement. . . .

More than once a row of onlookers intrudes on Mr. Nichols's scene, in Constantinople and Egypt as well as Gethsemane; but not before he has enacted his little paragraph. One feels the fag-end of the sentimental tradition. He returns to England in time for the daffodils—"there they were, dancing under the elm, exactly as I had planned them"—to catch a last furtive echo of Sterne.

G. W. STONIER

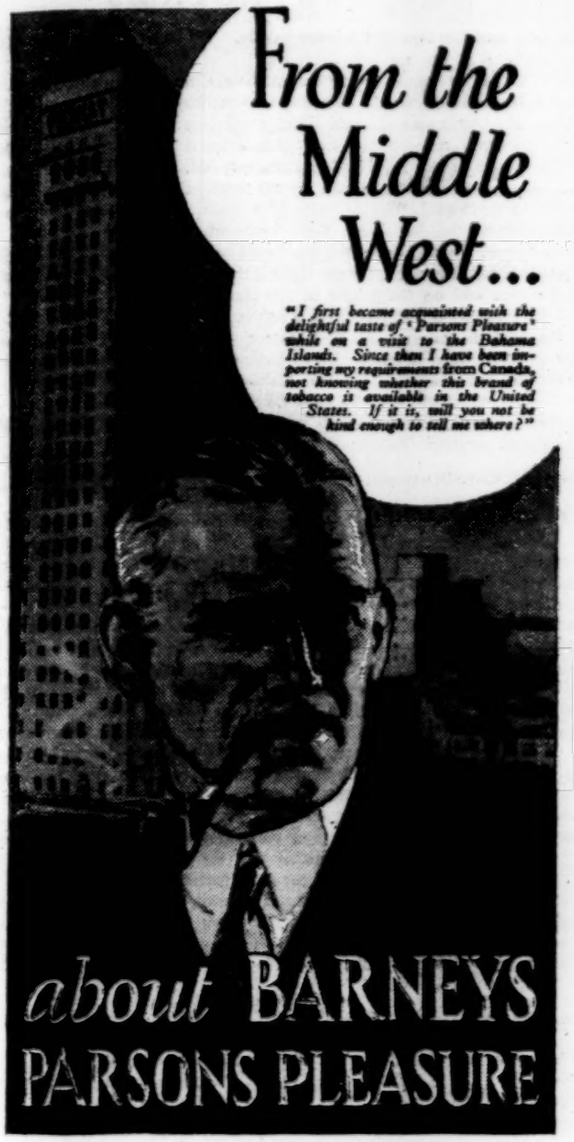
THE PROFITS OF EMPIRE

The Balance Sheets of Imperialism. By GROVER CLARK. *Columbia University Press.* 14s.

Ever since Sir Samuel Hoare made his famous statement at Geneva last September, discussions concerning the control of raw materials and the distribution of colonial mandates have occupied a prominent place on the political stage. One group of publicists professed to see in this announcement the first signs of a bestowal of official favour on that magic contrivance for the solution of all our economic problems—a World Conference. If the "Haves" could only be persuaded to give of their own accord what the "Have-nots" are preparing to take by force, the dawn of a new era of peace might not be far distant. Another, and on the whole more respectable, school of thought was soon able to expose the crudity of this notion. If the possession of colonies really bestows considerable economic benefits on the owning Power these benefits must be capable of scientific assessment. Any such assessment impartially carried out must reveal that the benefits to even the most successful imperial Powers are largely illusory. This is the case which Mr. Clark attempts to support with statistical proof. Since 1880 Europe's population has increased by 173 millions; the net emigration to territories controlled from Europe has only been about 500,000. Not one of the colony-owning Powers does as much as a fourth of its trade with its colonies; in the case of most of them the proportion is very much smaller. Moreover, not one of the imperial nations gets as much as a fifth of its raw materials and foodstuffs from the territories under its control. Therefore, Mr. Clark holds that those Powers which embark on a policy of imperial expansion in order to gain tangible economic benefits are chasing a will o' the wisp. The whole imperial experiment must be recognised as a costly fallacy. It follows that the achievement of peace is mainly a psychological problem. It is dependent on whether we can exorcise from the minds of the world's statesmen the out-of-date concepts of prestige and sovereignty. Both the Fascist apologist who advocates some new division of imperialist spoils and the Socialist dogmatist who traces some inexorable connection between the urge for profits and the drive for war are the victims of the same illusion.

The case is formidable, yet a few lingering doubts remain. When it is suggested that Tanganyika should be returned to Germany, Mr. Thomas explains that this would involve a breach of faith with those who have invested nine millions in the colony. When the Indian people are granted the inestimable boon of a new Constitution, care is taken to prevent power from slipping into the hands of those who might misinterpret the wishes of British bondholders. Africa was carved up by chartered companies, and at their behest the British Government was willing to risk war in turn with France and Germany and brave the wrath of almost every smaller Chancellery in Europe. It is asking a little too much to believe that the interests which drove us along this perilous course of expansion have suddenly evaporated into thin air. Mr. Clark's figures, in short, give a fitting answer to the World Conference devotees. They do not touch the fringe of the Socialist argument. For the true balance sheets of imperialism can never be drawn up so long as our economists continue to think of the nation as a unit instead of in terms of class. Property rights may be established in Africa to-day by the same methods used in the older capitalist countries hundreds of years ago. The settlers who filch land from the natives and the royalty-owner who trades on the gullibility of a native chief are worthily maintaining the traditions of their ancestors—the robber-barons and the landlords who pushed through the Enclosure Acts. Rights to exploit land and minerals may therefore be obtained at a small capital outlay. Moreover, the low level of native wages inevitably attracts those who make their profits by returning as small as possible a margin to their workpeople. Colonies provide a lucrative field for super-profits, and Sir Samuel Hoare's discussion of raw materials in terms purely of their sale has about as much to do with the case as the flowers that bloom in the spring. The argument is not far different if colonies are considered as markets for goods and investment. These subject territories provide an increasingly important stable market in a world in which economic warfare becomes ever more fierce. A declining British capitalism has found itself most able to meet its competitors in those areas in which it retains some degree of political or financial control. Colonies, moreover, provide the most steady, if not in bulk the most lucrative, outlet for investment. These privileges are least likely to be surrendered at a time when world trade has been halved and the fight for economic survival becomes daily more desperate. The profits of empire accrue to particular groups of capitalists. They are the beneficiaries on Mr. Clark's credit side of imperialism. Only a small proportion of these benefits are allowed to trickle through to the public at large, which pays the price on the debit side.

Mr. Clark's figures, therefore, are likely to prove no more successful than Sir Norman Angell's logic in persuading the imperialist that the game is not worth the candle. The lust for empire provides a short-lived escape from the embarrassment of capitalist accumulation. It solves no permanent problems. Yet it gives a temporary alleviation which no capitalist government can afford to despise. Owing to this failure to appreciate the true driving force behind imperialism, Mr. Clark is forced to conclude with a pious exhortation to the statesmen of the world to mend their ways. "The old and trouble-breeding fallacies still grip the minds of the leaders and people generally." The old emotions "have been rearoused by the recent revival of nationalism." But the people must "insist that their leaders act sensibly." If this appeal to sweet reason is all that stands between the world and ultimate chaos we might as well abandon the effort here and now. Fortunately the futility of the solution is the direct outcome of the faulty nature of the diagnosis. For



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by what right do these liberal theorists trace the cause of our discontents to economic nationalism and then abandon their analysis, as if the appearance of this phenomenon were the result of some sudden aberration on the part of our statesmen, something all important, yet something too inscrutable for any capitalist economist to attempt to explain. Nationalism is to-day as much a function of the social system as free trade was in an earlier epoch. The mere transference of territory will not solve the colonial problem, for it will leave its root cause untouched. Equally, any theory which disregards the cleavage of class and merely adds up the national profit and loss account of imperialism will give no true description of its character. Our modern economists have not yet answered the argument in Lenin's *Imperialism*. They are too engrossed in the pastime of throwing weighty brickbats at the Aunt Sallies conveniently erected for them by the professors in some neighbouring university.

MICHAEL FOOT

LIGHT ON SIBELIUS

Jean Sibelius. By KARL EKMAN. *Alan Wilmer.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is inevitable that any biography written during the lifetime of its subject should be more or less superficial; but the deserved success of Mr. Ekman's book must be largely owing to the trouble he has taken to trace, as far as discretion would permit, the spiritual progress of this greatest of living composers. His task cannot have been an easy one, for Sibelius would seem to possess the typical composer's personality, i.e. impenetrably undramatic, concentrated inwards; and the life which expresses it does not seem to have been rich in startling incidents. We learn that he comes of musical families on both sides and that chamber music was a usual feature of his home life from boyhood. Hence his early ambition to be a famous violinist, and the practice and encouragement which enabled him to become at any rate an extremely competent one. It seems almost impertinent to speak of influences in regard to a composer who has remained, from the beginning, all but completely impervious to everything but the mysterious movements of his own soul; yet the names of Wegelius (his first master), of Busoni and of Joachim, may perhaps be mentioned without much insistence. Visits to Berlin and Vienna at the end of the last century would have caused a spiritual upheaval in almost any young musician; but Sibelius was made of such impregnably stern stuff that even the internecine war of the Wagnerians and Brahmsians failed to have much effect on him, though he was always entirely indifferent to the work of the former composer. He is that rare phenomenon, an artist who sprang into the world fully armed with original inspiration and the ability to acquire, with the minimum of outside help, a technique adequate to express it. The measure of his greatness lies in the absolute and unswerving devotion with which he has followed the dictates of his own genius, a devotion which has had its reward in such monuments as the fifth, sixth and seventh symphonies—"confessions of faith," as he himself has called them. Mr. Ekman hints at a spiritual conflict round about 1904, but in necessarily vague terms. What is more evident to the outside observer is the node, so to speak, obviously constituted by the *Fourth Symphony*, in which the composer expressed for the first time—and in what grim, uncompromising terms—his vision of experience. The rest, as Mr. Ekman would be the first to admit, is guesswork; one picks up suggestive hints, such as the composer's confessed admiration for Bruckner and his remark that "the greatest labour I have expended, perhaps, was on works that have never been completed."

Remains the mystery, which writers on Sibelius generally refuse to face, of the extraordinary disparity between the great works and the enormous mass of salon music which he has produced concurrently with them. It is useless to point to the relatively high value of the salon pieces, as such; the fact remains that a large proportion of them are astonishingly vulgar and weak in theme, however technically competent they may be. This strange disparity would seem to provide evidence of a divided personality; but in any case there is no reason to deplore it, still less to find in it an excuse for depreciating the composer's more serious work. Some balance or other must have required adjusting and this has been Sibelius' way of adjusting it.

Mr. Ekman's vocabulary of praise is embarrassingly pre-Raphaelite; apart from this his book is all that it should or could be.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

SHORTER NOTICES

The Life and Letters of Charles Inglis. By JOHN WOLFE LYDEKKER. *S.P.C.K.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The son of the Rector of Glencolumbkille, Co. Donegal, and descended from a long line of clerical forbears, Charles Inglis at the age of twenty emigrated to America and a year later, in 1755, was Catechist and Preceptor of a school in Pennsylvania. In 1758 he offered himself for Holy Orders in the service of the S.P.G., was accepted, ordained in England deacon and priest and returned to take up the work of the Church of England in America, which he did not relinquish until at the close of the War of Independence he left New York with other fugitive loyalists for Nova Scotia, where he became the first Colonial Bishop. This memoir is particularly interesting for the light it throws on the Episcopal Church in America and on the plight of the clergy during the Rebellion. It was the anomaly of the Rebellion's success that it secured to the Church of England in America the Bishops for which it had so often pleaded and so often been denied. Inglis believed that had the Church been under the governance of its own Bishops at the time of the Rebellion the history of America would have taken a different course. As a study of the Colonial Church and its work this life of one of its most distinguished members has much to commend it.

English Constitutional Ideas in the Fifteenth Century. By S. B. CHRIMES. *Cambridge University Press.* 21*s.*

In his comprehensive and well-documented study of the government of England under the Lancastrian and Yorkist kings, Dr. Chrimes is primarily concerned with those aspects of it which suggested to Stubbs and other historians that it was a deliberate essay in constitutional principles and, as Stubbs himself put it, "a premature testing of the strength of the parliamentary system." Dr. Chrimes's investigation into the theory of the time as it found expression in the speeches of kings and barons, in the sermons of bishops, in the judgments of the courts and the arguments of lawyers, and in contentions of the Commons, demonstrates that this ascription of modern thought to the mind of the time is due to the illusion that similar actions must necessarily derive from similar ideas, and that the governing ideas of fifteenth-century statecraft in England were essentially medieval. But if the evidence proves that the period was rather a signpost than a landmark in parliamentary development, it also demonstrates that if our fifteenth-century ancestors did not see whither their parliamentary practice was heading, we looking back can see very clearly that for all the medievalism of its theory it was moving steadily towards parliamentary government as the eighteenth century envisaged it. The book of course is for historians and students, but so attractively is it written that it should have many readers outside those categories, for it illumines with its cool, clear light a period in our history that for most laymen is obscured by the turmoil of foreign and civil war.

Vincent van Gogh. Edited by ALFRED H. BARR, JR. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Barr has done the work of preparing a catalogue worthy of the Museum of Modern Art Van Gogh Exhibition with characteristic American thoroughness; there are extracts from the artist's letters on subjects ranging from "Art and Technique" through "Prices" to "Morality and Society," and below each of the catalogue descriptions of the paintings are the quotations referring to it. There is a map of the Netherlands and Belgium showing the places where Van Gogh lived, a family tree showing the history of his family from the sixteenth century, a chronological table of his life and a list of the books he read. Although only one illustration is in colour, that of *L'Arlésienne* (Mme. Ginoux), this is made up for by the reproduction of many of the drawings, which have been curiously neglected by the various popular books and portfolios. The book is far more than merely the transitory catalogue of an exhibition; it is an act of homage to the great romantic painter who felt that "the peony is Jeannin's, the hollyhock belongs to Quost, but the sunflower is mine in a way." The format has been excellently designed by Miss Emestine Fantl, and the staff of the Museum deserve to be congratulated upon their share in the production.

Masquerade. By PERCY HUTCHINSON. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Percy Hutchinson has had so wide an experience of the theatre as actor, actor-manager, and stage manager that what he has to say of the pre-war and post-war stage is both interesting and instructive. Nephew of the late Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Hutchinson has many good stories to tell of that fine actor and able manager and of The Criterion, which under his control became the leading theatre in London for light comedy. Much of the book is devoted to amusing theatrical gossip, which covers a wide field, for Mr. Hutchinson has been a considerable traveller. But there is also much in the book that stage aspirants of all kinds will find informative. Mr. Hutchinson, by the way, like most managers, laments the dearth of good plays, and that after telling the story of his successful production of *General Post* at The Haymarket, a play which had "been rejected by management after management." Possibly the dearth is really of people able to see a success in script.

Mr. David Garnett regrets that in his article last week he described Alexei Tolstoi as a son of Leo Tolstoy, whereas he is not a near relation.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. After October. Tu., & Wed.

ALHAMBRA. Mystery and Magic. Daily.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

COLISEUM. Lilac Time. W., Th., Sat.

DUCHESS. Spring Tide. Wed. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. "The Ante-Room." W. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., W., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
MARY CLARE in
AFTER OCTOBER.
By RODNEY ACKLAND.

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525). DAILY 2.30 & 8.15.
FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND.
DANTE—MYSTERY & MAGIC.
3/6 to 1/6. Children Half Price (Except Gallery).

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES, by Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. Evgs. at 8.15.
LILAC TIME.
Mats., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2.30.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8243.
Evgs. 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30. (Smoking).
SPRING TIDE.
LOUISE HAMPTON. ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
NEARING 250 PERFORMANCES.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
IRENE BROWNE & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. TWICE NIGHTLY.
6.25, 9. JACK WALLER'S
"NO! NO! NANETTE"
with Clifford Mollison, Shaun Glenville,
Phyllis Monkman, Barbara Vernon
All seats bookable. (6.25, 1/6–7/6) (9 p.m., 1/6–10/6).

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. Ex. Mon. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Weds. & Sats., at 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
"THE ANTE-ROOM."

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903). No perfs. Mons.
EVGS., 8.30. WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."
Produced by GILBERT MILLER.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. London's Longest Run. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Th., Sat., 2.30. Esme PERCY in
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.
Viola TREE. Clifford BARTLETT. Marjorie MARS.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
LONDON'S LOUDEST AND LONGEST LAUGH.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 336

Set by David Garnett

An anecdote about the disappearance and reappearance of a Surrey labourer is told in the first paragraph of this week's *Books in General*. The usual prizes are offered for the best account (in not more than 250 words) of how Summers had spent his time while absent and had preserved the jug against his return. The prizes will be given to the most imaginative, credible and best-written entries. Anything in the nature of fantasy is barred.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 28.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 334

Set by Roger Marvell

There is often a phrase with which unconsciously we reveal to our over-perceptive friends just that fault in ourselves which we are most anxious to conceal. The usual prizes will be awarded for examples of such phrases used by any six of the following types: 1. The social snob; 2. The aesthetic snob; 3. The prig; 4. The pedant; 5. The domestic tyrant; 6. The stingy person; 7. The liar; 8. The person with no sense of humour; 9. The egoist; 10. The toady.

The give-away should not be too blatant.

Report by Roger Marvell

This competition has been popular; evidently one's friends are not only over-perceptive but maliciously eager to draw the worst conclusions from one's most innocent remarks. According to some of the competitors, if I use the word "personally," I am an egoist; if I use the word "frankly," I am a liar. Indeed, since reading these entries, I have hardly dared to open my mouth. Here are some choice specimens. For the Social Snob: "Of course, you don't know them, I was forgetting" (Spero), and "We people of peasant stock" (George T. Hay). For the Aesthetic Snob: "I am not in the least afraid of saying that I like Tennyson" (Mrs. Cleaver). For the Prig: "My attention has been drawn . . ." (Richard Pomfret) and "Ah yes; but one must make *allowances*, my dear fellow" (R. C. O.) and "Everybody enjoys a flutter? Oh, come now, not *everybody*, surely" (Allan M. Laing). For the Pedant: "I fancy you'll find . . ." (Janus). For the Domestic Tyrant: "Please yourself" (M. Armitage). "A united family" (R. S. S.). For the Stingy Person: "Did I pay last time, or did you?" (Guy Innes). "Remind me to pay you back, dear" (Enid G. Bach). For the Liar: "Anyone'll tell you it's true" (Coleridge Hills). "Jones was there; he'll tell you the same" (S. W. Green). For the Person with no Sense of Humour: "I *laughed*, of course" (Enid G. Bach). "Thank God I can see the funny side" (R. D. C.). [There were many versions of this.] For the Egoist: I like Miss M. Chisholm's very subtle "You are a man of sense," and for the Toady, T. V. Blundell's ". . . and I don't say that just because it happens to be *your* garden." For first prize I recommend H. C. Riddell; for second, Mary G. Thomas. R. C. O. and M. D. W. were runners-up, and J. E. M. deserves applause for finding one and the same remark for the Prig, the Pedant, the Domestic Tyrant, the Liar, the Person with no Sense of Humour and the Egoist: "I would rather see my daughter lying dead at my feet than, etc., etc."

FIRST PRIZE

1. *The Social Snob.*—Before her marriage she was, of course, a so-and-so. (The important bit is, of course, the "of course" and the context can be easily changed. For instance, "he was, of course, a son of Lord so-and-so.")

2. *The Aesthetic Snob.*—A trifle picturesque and romantic, don't you think?

3. *The Prig:* Purely as a matter of principle . . .

4. *The Pedant.*—I am always prepared to admit . . .

5. *The Liar.*—As a matter of fact, it was like this . . .

6. *The Person with no Sense of Humour:* I'm sorry I don't quite follow . . .

H. C. RIDDELL

SECOND PRIZE

1. *The Social Snob.*—Some of my greatest friends are just working-class folk.

5. *The Domestic Tyrant.*—My girlies are such home-birds; they never want to go out in the evenings.

6. *The Stingy Person.*—I shall *insist* on paying next time.

7. *The Liar.*—I am never happier than when I am with tiny children.

8. *The Person with no Sense of Humour.*—Somehow I can't help seeing the funny side of things.

9. *The Egoist.*—You mustn't consider me for a moment.

MARY G. THOMAS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 191.—DEATH BY THE DIE

I apologise for the length of this problem. But the statement of it is difficult, and my endeavour has been to eliminate every possible ambiguity.

Bumpoffski, chief of the Hardluk O.G.P.U., looked quizzically at his three victims.

"You and your family are sports, Mr. Booby" he said "for all the trouble you've given me. By rights, I ought to shoot you right here, but I'm going to give you a chance. I'm going to give you a chance of survival—and a better-than-fifty-fifty chance, too—by cyclic elimination."

"Whatever does that mean?" asked Booby. "Are we going to be run over by bicycles?"

"No, Sir," said Bumpoffski. "It's a much more amusing affair than that. See here. Here's a table with seven chairs. I sit here, at the head of the table; the other six seats, beginning with the seat to my left, are in sequence numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. You and your wife and daughter will occupy three of those seats. When you have chosen your seats—you're going to choose them yourselves—I shall take two ordinary dice and shake them. The number that I throw—which, of course, may be anything from 2 to 12—will, in conjunction with the seats you have chosen, determine your chances of survival. The dice, I may say, are all fair and above-board, and there won't be anything funny about my throw."

"But I don't quite see how the throw operates," said Booby.

"Oh," said Bumpoffski, "like this. Suppose I throw a 5. I count, beginning with No. 1, one-two-three-four-five. If one of you is sitting in No. 5 chair, he or she is reprieved. No. 5 chair is now out of the reckoning; I now count round again—one-two-three-four-five—only this time, of course, I begin with the next chair—No. 6—and the count ends with No. 4. If anyone is in No. 4 chair, a second reprieve is secured. Yet a third time I count five, beginning again with No. 6 (the next 'live' chair after my second choice, No. 4) and this time finishing with No. 6, because seats 4 and 5 have been eliminated. That is the third and last throw. Hence if my dice throw a 5 for me you will all be reprieved—if the chairs you have chosen are 4, 5, and 6. If they are 1, 2, 3, you will all be shot. (Probably, of course, one or two only will survive.) But which chairs are fortunate depends, as you can see, on the number that I throw. And the offer I am making you is that you shall choose your chairs yourselves."

"Does that make any difference?" asked the bewildered Booby, as Bumpoffski concluded this long speech.

"Assuredly," said Bumpoffski. "Your best selection—if my memory serves me correctly—is about 50 per cent. better than your worst. And I ought to mention that my own seat plays no part in the eliminating count."

The Boobies were given half an hour in which to make their selection. (This allowed, in Bumpoffski's opinion, ample time for calculation.)

On the assumption that they made the most favourable selection of chairs, that Mrs. Booby was given the best place, Miss Booby the second best, and Booby himself the third best, what were the numbers of their respective seats?

PROBLEM 189.—DOWN ON THE FARM

By constructing a table for the names and occupations, and eliminating such possibilities as are known or inferred to be contrary to the data, it is readily deduced that *old Mr. Ploughman is a carter.*

PROBLEM 188.—TEAPOTS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. Kaneledis, 68, St. Stephen's Avenue, W.12.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

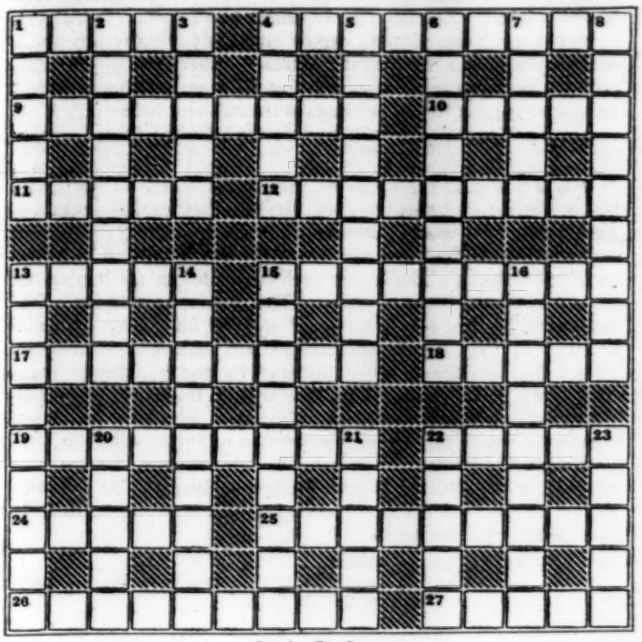
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 337

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
P. A. Malt, 143 Upper Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

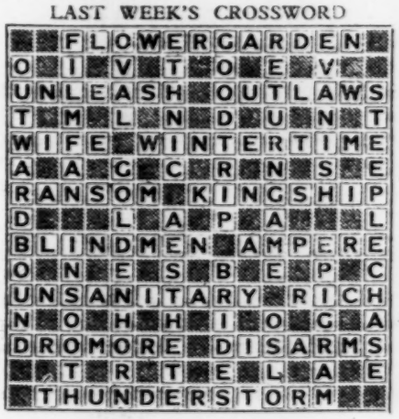
ACROSS

1. Fowl coloured.
4. Is one expected to sit in ashes in these times?
9. Old curse that takes Martha to extremes.
10. Slang for a garden party?
11. Foolishly spotted.
12. Suitable for a distant cook.
13. A Roman matron become more tractable.
15. Suggests footfall on landing.
17. Father's games will enable us to go abroad.
18. The Manx cat can never keep his.
19. Such a person never exceeds the limit.
22. How to mix drinks wholesale as it were.
24. Elephantine sort of scoundrel.
25. A good wish past the meridian.
26. You'll leave him standing if you take the wind out of his sails.
27. Describes those who are wanting.

DOWN

1. Any nation's dream nowadays.
2. Novel description of economic depression.
3. You'll find Billy's wife in the nursery.
4. Will be seen in the next Olympic Games.
5. Empty headed, of course.
6. The chess player does not fire it at the castle.
7. Suburban incentive to one on the stage.
8. Statuesque pace on the stairs?
13. Only in a bungalow can you call it the ground floor.
14. "And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly ——
A source of innocent merriment."
15. Calls hose into urgent use.
16. Crossbar for intent people.
20. It takes a whole company to play this flute.
21. Portion of meat Englishmen like best.
22. A peering fellow as it were.
23. Smart fellow who sounds a bit of a dog.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

BLESSING THE UNIT TRUSTS—FAILINGS OF THE COMMITTEE'S REPORT—INVESTMENT TRUST PROSPECTS—RAILWAY DEPRECIATION

THE astonishing part of the Departmental Committee's report on the Fixed Trusts (to be called Unit Trusts in future) is that it practically accepts at their face value the managers' estimates of their own national economic usefulness. The mildest of protests came from Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, who added this note to paragraph 47 (3):

> Unit Trusts are but one of the latest examples of a growing tendency to interpose additional machinery between the savings of the people and what should be the ultimate object of all new investments—the extension and development of the capital resources of the community. . . . . Sooner or later the whole problem will have to be tackled of utilising to the best advantage the savings and resources of the nation, and some national authority will have to be created for this purpose. When this is done the regulation of the investments of unit trusts will fall into its proper place in the larger structure.

No doubt when the National Investment Board is set up, which Mr. Pethick-Lawrence has in mind, the operations of the unit trusts will be so completely controlled that the Public Trustee will be able to replace the managers. The Departmental Committee, however, comes to the conclusion that under present conditions the unit trust movement is one which offers the small investor facilities for investing in equity shares which he did not previously enjoy and that by increasing the practicability of equity investments the unit trusts "may fulfil a useful role from the standpoint of the national economy." I fail to see the reason for this compliment. The success of the unit trusts has been due entirely to the fact (*a*) that since 1932 a purchase of British equity shares has been a good gamble and (*b*) that the unit system is for the small investor the most convenient and simple way of participating in the gamble. It is, I agree, only fair to allow the small investor the same opportunities of making a successful and well-distributed purchase of equity shares as the big investor, but I cannot subscribe to the committee's humbug about "increasing the practicability of equity investment." Indeed, by concentrating demand upon a select and limited number of equity shares, the unit trust investment is doing its best to inflate security prices, to stimulate new issues of ordinary shares at unwarrantably high prices and perhaps to misdirect the flow of national savings.

* * *

The regulations proposed by the Departmental Committee will not, the report declares, "supply a complete safeguard against the possibility that managers of unit trusts may make illegitimate profits at the expense of those investing in them." I do not suppose that the average buyer of sub-units is aware that the managers are making any profits at all apart from their "service" fees and that they, and sometimes the trustee banks, are pocketing part of the stockbrokers' commissions. The managers may make considerable trading profits, partly from buying the underlying securities of the unit at lower prices than those on which the price of the sub-units is based when sold to the public, and partly from dealing in sub-units. The Departmental Committee certainly did not like the idea of managers playing this dual role—as confidential agent of the unit holder and as principal standing to gain or lose by his transactions with them. "The manager," they write in paragraph 62, "may be guided by the best advice, but *ultimately he, as the confidential agent, must decide what price he must receive as a principal.*" But the Committee too readily accepts the managers' contention that the speculative risk of the market between buying units and selling sub-units or between buying and selling sub-units must be undertaken by someone if the unit trust business is to be carried on, and that in undertaking it the management companies are entitled to any profit they can make. But is it a real trading risk that they are carrying and are they making a fair profit? I submit that it is not a real trading risk because, in the Committee's words (paragraph 59), "the manager of a unit trust knows before anyone else when his purchases and sales are to be made—and indeed by his own advertisements influences the market." When the trend of equity shares is upward he buys a unit of underlying securities in advance and then advertises in the press until he has brought in buyers of the component sub-units (at higher prices). When the trend is downward, he will sell a unit of underlying securities in advance (i.e., he will influence Stock Exchange prices against the sub-unit holder) in anticipation of sub-unit sales. The Committee's reaction to the main objections raised against the unit trust movement is to insist on registration, on the publication of detailed accounts showing, *inter alia*, the management companies' profits out of jobbing, and on the deposit by the management companies with the Paymaster-General of £20,000 in respect of each trust. In their own words, "It seems to us that the best means to avoid suspicion, *for the benefit of all parties*, is that year by year the manager should expose and analyse his results and if necessary submit himself to the criticism of his clients." But they do not even consider it necessary that the manager should submit himself to regular annual meetings of the sub-unit holders. It is not surprising that the managers have welcomed the Committee's report.

* * *

It is a pity that the orthodox investment trusts do not take a leaf out of the unit trust book by dividing their capital stocks into £1 units. This would increase their marketability, the present lack of which is the investor's curse. If one could deal in investment trust stocks a case might even be made out for buying one or two at present market prices. The dividends declared at the beginning of this year were based in part on equity dividends received in 1935 which reflected in part industrial earnings in 1934. The dividends to be declared by the investment trusts in January and February next year should, therefore, show considerable improvement. It is, of course, important to choose companies which carry a high proportion of equity stocks in their portfolio and, by way of geographical distribution, have a high proportion of American in their foreign holdings. The following stocks are selected without knowledge that they can actually be purchased in the market:—

	Portfolio. % Equities.	% U.S.A.	Price.	Last earned %	Last paid %	Div. Yield %
Investment Trust Corpn.	25	16	305	14.3	12	£3 18 8
Investors' Mortgage Security	35	15	262	13.4	9.5	£3 12 6
Metropolitan ..	30	—	266	12.4	11	£4 2 8
Scottish Western ..	30	20	313	15.2	13	£4 3 1

* * *

A correspondent, who used to be in the electrical industry, wants to know why the home railways do not follow the practice of the electricity supply companies in the use of sinking funds for amortisation of capital. He writes:

> There is a very large amount of non-revenue earning capital included in the railway accounts, and it is the deadweight of this which is preventing the payment of regular dividends and also—far worse—keeping the men down on a scale of pay which is in a very great number of cases utterly inadequate.

Now railway finance is not very different from that of other industries in relation to depreciation and renewals, although the figures published in the accounts are confusing in the extreme to the ordinary reader. The Great Western, L.M. & S. and Southern Railways debit the respective accounts with the amount actually spent on complete or partial renewals, while the balance unspent or overspent, as the case may be, of the "normal depreciation" allowance is transferred to or from the renewals reserve. The accountancy practice of the L. & N.E.R. is rather different. The following table gives the amounts spent by the L.M. & S. Railway in renewals during the last few years and the amounts charged to reserve—according to my Statistical Assistant.

Year.	Amount spent in Renewals.	Renewals charged to Revenue. (000's omitted).	Balance transferred to (+) or from (−) Renewals Reserve.
1932 ..	£10,837	£11,152	+ £315
1933 ..	£10,624	£10,916	+ £292
1934 ..	£13,015	£11,200	−£1,815
1935 ..	£13,287	£11,513	−£1,774

At the end of 1935 the Renewals Reserve stood at £7,982,000. I do not suppose that railway "renewals" are at all adequate to bring equipment up to the standards required of modern travel and transport. But this is not altogether my correspondent's point. Railway depreciation does not take account of sections of line closed down or confined to goods traffic, or running permanently at a loss, as with the old Great Central section of the L. & N.E. There *is* "water" in the railway capital accounts, and there *is* a clash between railway junior stockholders demanding dividends and railway workers demanding higher pay. But my correspondent will have to wait for nationalisation before he sees railway junior stocks written down.

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